

Aug. 16, 1969

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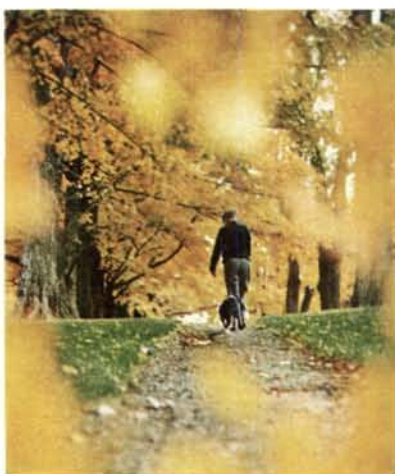
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 burnished skies still Autumn seas
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ADAPTATION and NEXT—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. R. G. Brown and Dick Van Patten are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A BLACK QUARTET—One-acters by Ed Bullins, LeRoi Jones, Ben Caldwell, and Ronald Milner. Three out of four of the plays are militant, fierce, and rife with symbols; the fourth, and most interesting and touching, is Mr. Milner's "The Warning—A Theme for Linda," which is about people. With L. Errol Jaye, Minnie Gentry, and Vikki Summers. (Gate, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonnie Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. After Sunday, Aug. 17, no performances until Tuesday, Sept. 2.)

DE SADE ILLUSTRATED—An adaptation of the Marquis's lewd bedroom ruminations. Not dull, but not recommended either. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

FORTY CARATS—A bauble that has been set spinning at just the right speed and that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and other charmers. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

GEES—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougall St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HADRIAN VII—A melodrama based on the novel by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen is sensationally effective in the title role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

IN THE MATTER OF J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER—Heinar Kipphardt's fascinating mock-documentary account, sometimes true and sometimes false, of the famous hearing at which Professor Oppenheimer was denied security clearance. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

LITTLE MURDERS—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40. and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon that is owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially

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good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM—Woody Allen has written a play for himself to star in. Mr. Allen is funnier than his play, and has wisely taken care to surround himself with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—THE BOYS IN THE BAND: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE GREAT**

WHITE HOPE: An account, by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, portrayed by James Earl Jones. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)...

PLAZA SUITE: Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

DAMES AT SEA—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE HOOFERS—The exhilarating art of the tap dance, as displayed by about ten of its proponents. With, among others, Raymond Kaalund, Sandman Sims, Rhythm Red, and Chuck Green. Go and see for yourself. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2080. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; Peter F. Fleischmann, president; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Boscoe, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St. N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLV, No. 26, August 16, 1969. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1969 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, \$10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, \$11.00; other foreign, \$13.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

OKLAHOMA!—A revival by the Music Theatre of Lincoln Center of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Bruce Yarnell, Spiro Malas, and Margaret Hamilton. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 6.)

PROMENADE—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is very good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PROMISES, PROMISES—A musical as nearly perfect as no matter, starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The amusing book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—Is it possible to write a successful musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress? On the evidence of this attempt, no. William Daniels does splendidly as John Adams, but there are few songs, few dances, and few signs of intelligence in the lumpish dialogue. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WHORES, WARS & TIN PAN ALLEY—Martha Schlammé and Alvin Epstein in a program of Kurt Weill songs. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7:30 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 17.)

LONG RUNS—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

CABARET: How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. With Melissa Hart. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CURLEY MCDIMPLE: A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS:—Scutter, he cried thickly. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HAIR: A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HELLO, DOLLY! With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAME: Ann Miller is Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA: Bob Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Wright at the matinee performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except



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Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN: Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

YOUR OWN THING: As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RODEO—Calf-roping, saddle-bronc-riding, and steer-wrestling return to the Garden for the first time in a decade. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 13-14, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Aug. 17, at 2.)

OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of *TWELFTH NIGHT*, with Tom Aldredge and Barbara Barrie, the second of two plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 30. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of *SOUTH PACIFIC*, with Jerome Hines, Nancy Dussault, and Jerry Lester. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Monday, Sept. 1. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Neither bitter nor the end, but sometimes a beginning for young talent. Rock group McKendree Spring plays until Friday, Aug. 22, when Rick Nelson arrives—out of the past, as it were. Performances are at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Coffee and tea abound. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—A downstairs coffeehouse where metallic paper glitters and amplifiers are turned up as far as they can go. Rock and blues performers occupy the bulk of the evening, with shows at eight and eleven.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Beginning at about nine-thirty. Anita O'Day sings with the Dave Frishberg trio. On Tuesday, Aug. 19, the Zoot Sims quartet will take over. Customers may wear open collars, and light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Zutty Singleton, Joe Muranyi, and George Stevenson play Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More clatter. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

SLUGS, 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at about nine (at about seven on Sunday), music by a combo headed by Lee Morgan. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 19, two new outfits will be here: the Izenzon quintet and the 360° Music Experience. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about ten-thirty, Les McCann's trio plays for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. Downstairs: Jimmy Smith's trio takes turns with the Charles Mingus quintet. Shows at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Sundays; on Fridays shows begin at ten, and on Saturdays at nine-thirty. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—The Sonny Stitt trio takes the stand six nights a week, through Sunday, Aug. 17. On Tuesday, Aug. 19, the Gary Burton quartet will replace Stitt's group. Mondays are reserved for the large and penetrating Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they get in, they find a moose head on the wall. The banjos twang from nine until closing every night. From four-thirty to nine on Sundays, a Dixieland band performs.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

AUX PUCES, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2020)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Beverly Sills singing "Revolution"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

ELECTRIC CIRCUS, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A Day-Glo tunnel, a wide-screen light show, and nook-and-cranny hiding places. Dancing starts at nine Sundays as well as Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at eight on Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds will come from Sirocco through Sunday, Aug. 17. On Tuesday, Aug. 19, Keef

I'll remember the things we've
shared • The breakneck canter
down an abandoned road • Bony,
brushwood branches snapping
underfoot • In the silence, a soft
whinny • The people who make
my clothes know how it is •

john meyer
speaks your language

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hartley starts a gig. Alcohol is out. Closed Mondays.

L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, and neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

SHEPHERD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. Every so often, some people known as Tony, Sam and the Tartans play and sing. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

WEDNESDAY'S, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. The trees are phony, but the records are real. Dancing from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type music, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velvetene, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of Nite Train. Closed Sundays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—there are white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

ST. REGIS-SHERATON ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): You may leave your conversation pieces at home in the wall safe, for the bands of Joseph Sudy and Quintero occupy, and firmly, every minute of the evening. Now and then, they persuade Ed Sims and Audre Deckmann into the sort of ballroom dancing that is almost a lost art. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): The site of the Café Pierre is nether, but the crust is upper. Music—Phil Wayne's band Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's band the other nights—persists until well past the theatre. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Calm views of everything are taken in the restaurant, even when Ernie Warren's light cavalry is on the bandstand, which it usually is until one or two in the morning. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Functional City is just as good a name for this portion of *soi-disant* Fun City. But the floor is ample, and so is the music—a full house of Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. No—absolutely no—rock and roll. Seventy-three until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Thursdays run from two until twelve. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): Our best supply of inner space, viewed from the terrace of this country house, where a practically continuous stream of musicologists ply their trade from seven-thirty on every evening.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The hot-weather edition of "Free Fall," the miniature revue that bears the serpent's-tooth mark of Ronny Graham, goes about its funny business twice every night but Sunday.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Israelis, Greeks, Yemenites, and Armenians in their own United Nations, blending voices and instruments. The joker is the namesake, Avram Grobard; among the principal musicians are the oudist George Mgrdichian and the guitarist Angelo Tsarides, from the late "Zorba," one solemn damsel or another offers up a bellyful of *danse du ventre*; and Hedva and David provide Israeli boon-

dock ballads that are more modern than what Bathsheba and David used to sing. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing, both domestic and imported. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Nothing but burning issues are ever dealt with by the flamenco troupes that make this place their headquarters, and so the tiny Emilia Rivas galaxy dutifully burns to the ground at least twice every evening. This set of Iberians will be supplemented, as of Thursday, Aug. 14, by Olga Guillot, a Latin-American soprano constructed mainly of high explosive. . . . **DOMINGO ALVARADO**, who bemoans the fate of all Lusitanian lovers with flamenco fervor, is in the theatre-in-the-round Flamenco Room, where he shares the podium night after night with the guitar of Emilio Prados.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—On Thursday, Aug. 21, Checkmates Ltd. should be arriving, with an unLtd supply of bounce, buoyancy, beep, and bop—not a minute too soon as a replacement for the current unnecessary noise. No dark nights, ever. . . . **THE** ground-floor bar is not only tropical but typical of what might be termed Las Vegas of night life on the Nevada desert. Music to suit by the Pacesetters, who take no nights off.

DOWNBEAT, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Open the cellar door and discover the considerable wind machine put together by Jimmy McPartland. When it is not cheerfully blowing through its fond-memory book, the Junior Mance trio takes a fast look at modern times. Seven until two, every night but Sunday. No dancing.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room is old and experienced enough to be out on its own at night, needing nothing more than the ministrations of the bands run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte to make an evening replete. The management, though, is addicted to birdlife, so Ann Hilton is singing now, and Fran Jeffries, invisible for some years, will be singing from Monday, Aug. 18, on. The vocal exercises happen around ten during the week, at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ** Chico Hamilton's sextet is distributing just as much uplift as it is downbeat—a satisfying combination. While it rests, there is dance music by Mousie Alexander's threesome. On Tuesday, Aug. 10, Hazel Scott's trio will replace the Hamiltons. Dinner (and music) at eight; the music plays on and on, but there is no supper. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE** Space Age could learn a great deal by studying the lofty lineaments of the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday. . . . **THE** Marcu flotilla operates in the Edwardian Room Mondays through Thursdays from seven until nine.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8070)—Room at the top. Edward Kennedy Ellington, now officially not only the Duke but the King of Jazz, is aboard with his collection of co- and miracle-workers. Unhappily, the local ground rules permit no dancing while the band is in the batter's box. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): There is no summer-replacement nonsense here, for Wayne Sanders, half of the winter-time double-piano team of Sanders & Hawkins, is on hand from eight until no matter. Open Mondays through Thursdays every week. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The campus of a junior college devoted to the lively arts. Chuck Wayne's triad is the dean. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

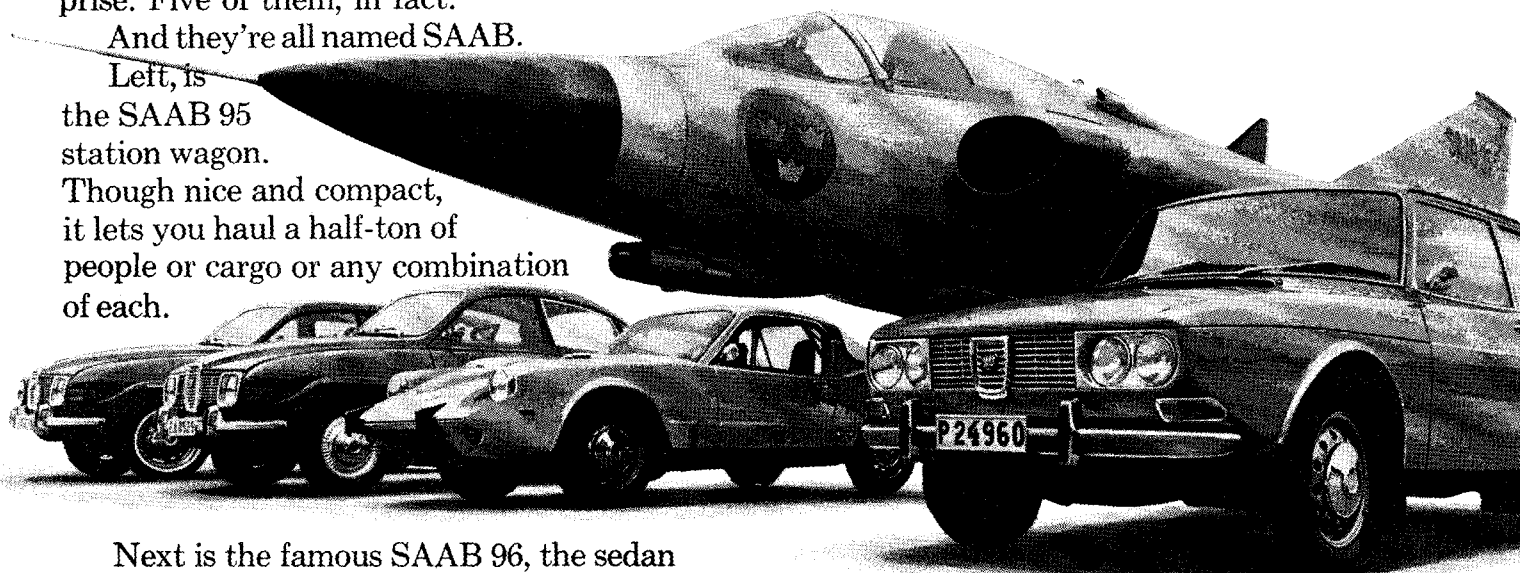
CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty at all about living like kings, for

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Far right is the latest addition to the SAAB line, the sleek new SAAB 99, the car for those who want something racier and roomier.

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kind of woman.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is proffered every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (two hearts that beat as one) is done by Norbert Faconi, the in-perpetuity gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, where Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Angels, theatrical and otherwise, fear not to tread. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Tony Gorody, who knows all there is to know about Havana night life of another day, has the piano in the Rembrandt Room at his fingertips. Eight-thirty until one-thirty, but not on Saturdays or Sundays. . . . **CARLTON LOUNGE**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Bob Kail's properly groomed piano is at work, six until midnight, in this properly groomed salon every evening but Saturday and Sunday. . . . **UMBERTO**, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): The architecture is modern *ristorante* rather than Restoration, but the sound is the age-old one of strolling minstrel, tenor and guitar at the ready, who patrols from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays; no music Saturdays. . . . **PEACOCK ALLEY**, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 40th St. (EL 5-3000): Beginning at four in the afternoon, there is piano a cappella, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ**, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center, (PL 7-5730): The open-air basement of Rockefeller Center has music, as well as provender, just about every minute from noon to midnight. Sundays are the sole exceptions. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY**, 320 E. 79th St. (TR 0-6220): Cabbages (the national Hungarian flora) and kings (of the gypsies, naturally) are what the dutiful musicians in this calm Mitteleuropa restaurant talk about from seven-thirty until three every single night.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

GORKY, DE KOONING, AND NEWMAN—Paintings by these influential Americans; through Sept. 20. (Kniedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

REGINALD MARSH (1898-1954)—New York City scenes in oils, watercolors, and other mediums; through Friday, Aug. 15. (Dananberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Sixteen paintings of the past two decades, from the Guggenheim Museum collection of Latin-American art, by Botero, Tamaya, Cuevas, Soto, Morales, Noé, and other artists well known in New York; through Sept. 14. (Closed mornings.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American landscapes and still-lives stressing the theme of summertime; through Thursday, Aug. 14. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such gallery artists as Isabel Bishop, Waldo Peirce, William Thon, Robert Vickrey, Doris Rosenthal, and Roy Moyer; through Aug. 29. . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by German Expressionists; through Aug. 20. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso (including

two oils never before shown in the United States), Gris, Masson, Léger, Giacometti, Laurens, and González; through Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 41 E. 57th St.: Gallery painters and sculptors; through Sept. 12. . . . **WADDELL**, 15 E. 57th St.: Members of the gallery, including, among the Americans, Will Barnet and Howard Kano-vitz, and, among the Europeans, Alain Jacquet and Nicola Schöffer; through Sept. 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

NOTE—The immense Nelson A. Rockefeller collection is providing the material for three separate current shows. At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.: An exhibit spanning three thousand years of aboriginal art from Oceania, Africa, and the Americas, including about seven hundred and fifty bronze, stone, and wood carvings from Africa; textiles and feather hangings and objects of gold, jade, and shell from the Americas; and masks, ceremonial boards, and drums from Oceania. Through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is \$1.) . . . At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: About two hundred twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, plus drawings, prints, and illustrated books; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . At the **MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART**, 15 W. 54th St.: A selection of Mexican folk art, comprising about three hundred items—ceramics, toys, tinware, glassware, and objects in paper, straw, and papier-mâché—from the nineteenth century to the present; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—A hundred and twenty painted Greek vases spanning three centuries, from the archaic period to the classical, together with nineteenth- and twentieth-century European drawings, all from the Walter Bareiss collection; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—About a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures by the "first generation" of Abstract Expressionist and Action painters, who became prominent in the nineteen-forties and the early nineteen-fifties, selected from the Museum's collection, augmented by recent acquisitions and promised gifts; through Oct. 5. . . . A comprehensive show of lithographs produced by such artists as Nevelson, Albers, Sam Francis, Hockney, and Krushenick at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop, in Los Angeles, which has pioneered in the revival of this craft in America; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A summer exhibition of sculptures and works on paper, around a hundred and sixty pieces in all, from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—About two hundred oils, sculptures, and watercolors reviewing American art since the beginning of the twentieth century, chosen from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 28. . . . Sixty-one paintings and fourteen drawings by Thomas Cole (1801-48), outstanding figure of the Hudson River School; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred years of prints from portfolios, beginning with Blake's "The Book of Job;" through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The recently opened Hall of Ocean Life is a double-decker of dioramas on life in the seas and exhibits on the biology of fishes. At its peak is a ninety-four-foot model of a breaching blue whale. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM OF DESIGN, Third Ave. at 7th St.—Fifty-two works by twenty-eight leading contemporary Japanese poster artists, who deal with such themes as politics, tea



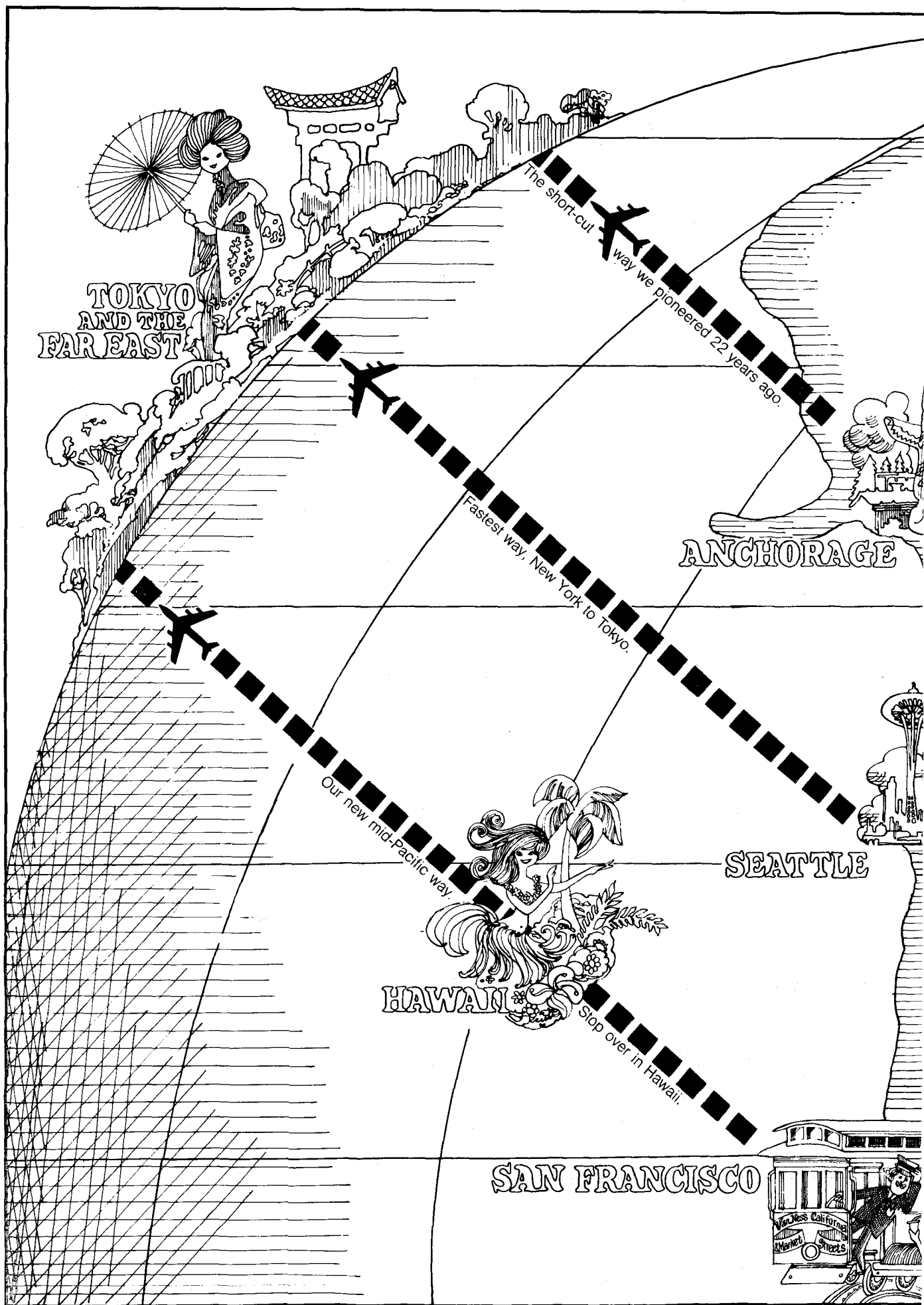
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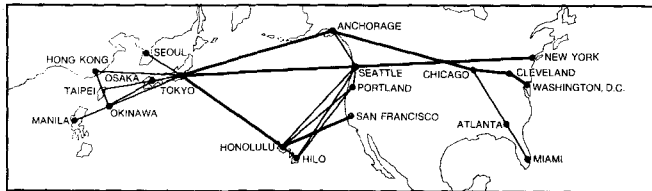
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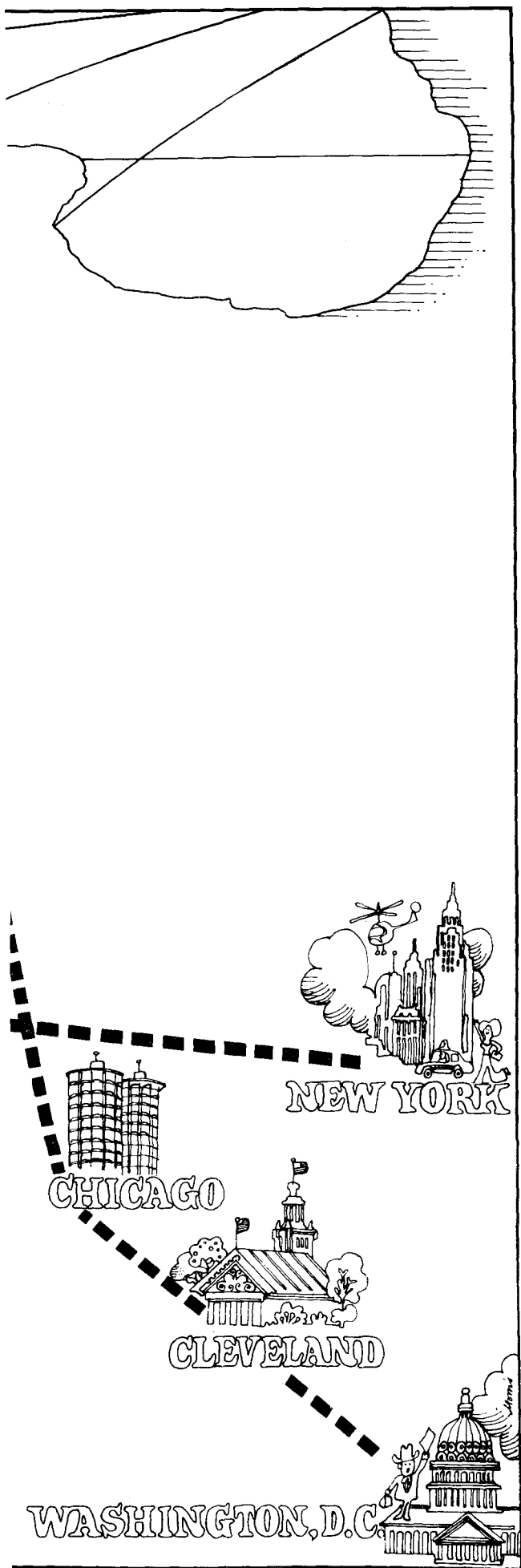


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ceremonies, travel, and sports; through Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A presentation of sculptures inflated by various means; through Sept. 1. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Six hundred photographic portraits by Cecil Beaton of who's who (1928-69) in various limelights. Your catalogue may be used as a scorecard for a guess-the-name game. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Admission is \$1.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Drawings by George Catlin of early-nineteenth-century North American Indians; through Sept. 14. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, letters, typescripts, and illustrations new to the Berg Collection, a sizable portion being the Lady Gregory Archive; through Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibition of paintings by artists who have been associated with Harlem in one way or another; through Sept. 7. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

RASCALS—A benefit concert. (Gaelic Park, Broadway and 240th St. Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 543-1200.)

BOB PATTERSON GOSPEL SINGERS AND ISAAC DOUGLAS GOSPEL SINGERS—Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

HOWARD MCGHEE'S ALL-STARS—South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at South and Fulton Sts. Friday, Aug. 15, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given on Sunday.

SAVOY BROWN BLUES BAND, SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET, AND CHARLIE MUSSELWHITE—Pavilion, Flushing Meadow Park. 268-5011. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16, at 8:30.

ARETHA FRANKLIN—Also Art Blakey and His Jazz Messengers and Sonny Stitt. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, Aug. 16, at 7. For tickets, call LT 1-0933.)

TIM HARDIN, INCREDIBLE STRING BAND, ODETTA, TOM PAXTON, AND IAN AND SYLVIA—Pavilion, Flushing Meadow Park. Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:30.

DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Also Arthur Prysock, Mongo Santamaria, Cannonball Adderley, and B.B. King. (Randalls Island. Sunday, Aug. 17, at 6.)

KWAME NKURUMAH AND HIS GHANAIAN DRUMMERS—Museum of Modern Art. Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8:30.

BOOKER ERVIN'S ALL-STARS—The final concert in a series at the South Street Seaport. Friday, Aug. 22, at 8:30.

ALBERT KING, JUNIOR WELLS BLUES BAND, AND AUM—Pavilion, Flushing Meadow Park. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, at 8:30.

DIONNE WARWICK—Also Count Basie's orchestra, Hugh Masekela, Woody Herman and his orchestra, and Les McCann. (Randalls Island. Saturday, Aug. 23, at 7.)

SARAH VAUGHAN—Also Lou Rawls and Chico Hamilton, in a benefit performance. The final concert in the New York Jazz Festival at Randalls Island. Sunday, Aug. 24, at 6.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Karel Ancerl conducting the last four in this summer's series of park concerts, with Byron Janis, piano—**BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL**, Bronx. (Friday, Aug. 15, at 8:30.)... **CROCHERON PARK**,

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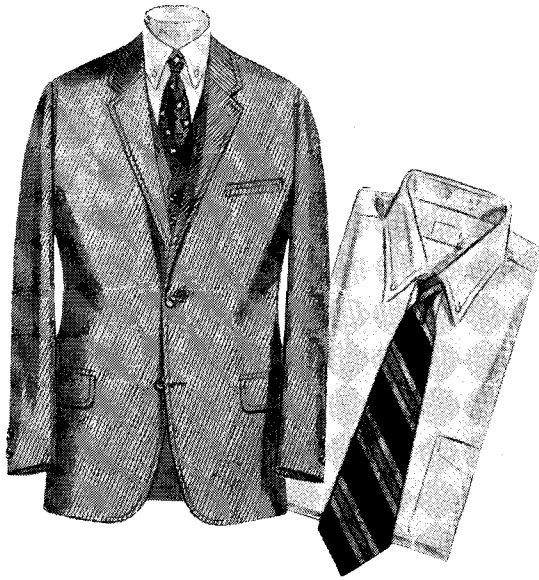
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Bayside. (Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:30.)...
PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn. (Thursday, Aug. 21,
at 8:30.)... CLOVE LAKES PARK, Staten Island.
(Friday, Aug. 22, at 8:30.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Richard Franko Goldman
conducting the Goldman Band in the last two
in this summer's series of Guggenheim Mem-
orial Concerts. (Thursday, Aug. 14, and
Sunday, Aug. 17, at 8:30.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The final performances in the
Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Fri-
day, Aug. 15, at 8 and 10:30: Al Kooper and
James Cotton Blues Band... ¶ Saturday,
Aug. 16, at 8 and 10:30: Lou Rawls and also
Carl Holmes and the Commanders, with Ruth
McFadden... ¶ Monday, Aug. 18, at 7 and
9:30: Nina Simone and Montego Joe...
¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 8 and 10:30: Tim
Buckley and Linda Ronstadt... ¶ Saturday,
Aug. 23, at 8 and 10:30: Sam and Dave Re-
vue and also Patti LaBelle and The Bluebells.
(For information about tickets, call 249-
8870.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard
Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman
Band in the last in a series of concerts. (Fri-
day, Aug. 15, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, Aug. 15, at 7: A
chamber-music program by the Boston Sym-
phony Chamber Players... ¶ Friday, Aug.
15, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Bos-
ton Symphony in an all-Beethoven program;
no soloists... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:
David Zinman conducting the Boston Sym-
phony; no soloists... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 17, at
2:30: Henry Lewis conducting the Boston
Symphony, with Marilyn Horne, soprano...
¶ Tuesday, Aug. 19, at 2: The annual "Tan-
glewood-on-Parade" program, including offer-
ings by the various student departments of
the Berkshire Music Center and a concert (at
8) by the Boston Symphony and the Berk-
shire Music Center Orchestra, conducted by
Erich Leinsdorf, with Sam Levenson, narra-
tor. A benefit for the Music Center...
¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 7: A recital by Bev-
erly Sills, soprano... ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at
9: Milton Katims conducting the Boston
Symphony; no soloists... ¶ Saturday, Aug.
23, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with
Malcolm Frager, piano... ¶ Sunday, Aug.
24, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf directing a per-
formance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony,
with Miss Sills; Florence Kopleff, *contralto*;
John Alexander, tenor; Justino Diaz, bass;
the Berkshire Chorus; and the Tanglewood
Choir. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through
Sunday, Aug. 31.)

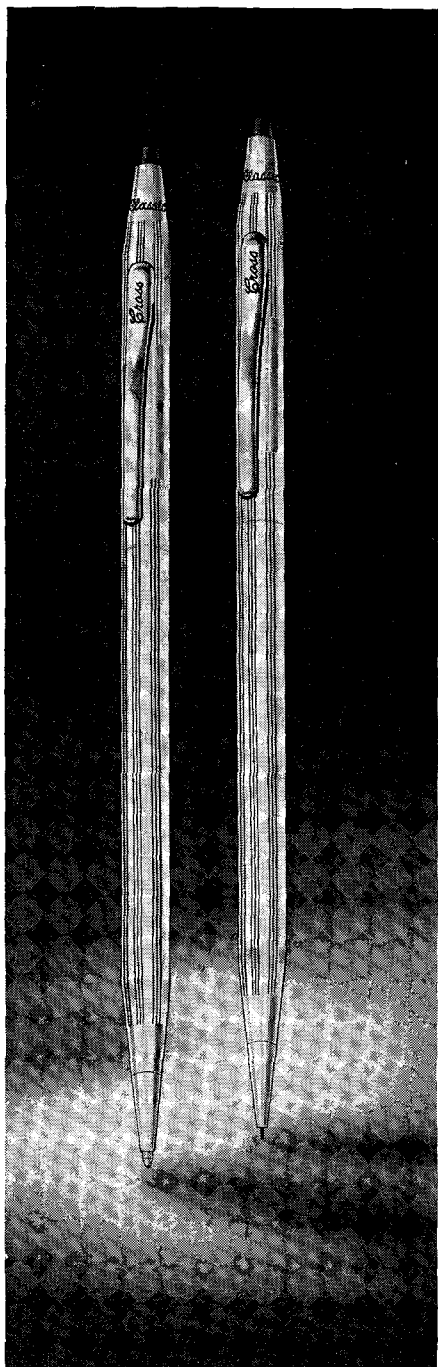
SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Final per-
formances of the season by the Philadelphia
Orchestra—Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: Eu-
gene Ormandy directing a performance of
Verdi's Requiem, with Martina Arroyo, so-
prano; Maureen Forrester, *contralto*; Richard
Lewis, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass-baritone;
the Cornell University Glee Club and Chor-
us; and the Capitol Hill Choral Society...
¶ Friday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: André Previn
conducting and acting as piano soloist in a
varied program... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at
8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting another
varied program, with Van Cliburn, piano...
¶ Sunday, Aug. 17, at 3:30: Franz Allers di-
recting a Rodgers and Hart and Rodgers and
Hammerstein program, with Lee Venora, so-
prano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Harry
Danner, tenor; Richard Fredricks, baritone;
and the Capitol Hill Choral Society...
[NOTE: A special concert will be given by the
Fifth Dimension on Tuesday, Aug. 19, at
8:30.]... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8:30: Ju-
lius Rudel conducting an all-Tchaikovsky
program, with Misha Dichter, piano...
¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 8:30: Eugene Orman-
dy conducting a Wagner-Bartók program,
with Anthony di Bonaventura, piano...
¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: Arthur Fied-
ler conducting a pop concert, with Peter
Nero, piano... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24, at 3:30:
Eugene Ormandy conducting a program of
Viennese music, with Judith Raskin, so-
prano. (Saratoga Springs. For information
about tickets, call 759-2734, in New York.)

WATERLOO VILLAGE MUSIC FESTIVAL—Julius Rudel
conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra
in a program of Viennese music, with Gary

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Graffman, piano. The final concert of the season. (Stanhope, N. J. Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8:30.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Dancers of the American Ballet Theatre and the Afro-American Dance Co. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 21-23: The American Dance Company and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Fridays, Saturdays, and Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Final performances—Friday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: James Clouser, Talley Beatty, and Al Huang. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Minnesota, Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 2. . . . **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. San Diego, Friday, Aug. 15, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 16, at 2:15; and Sunday, Aug. 17, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 19-20, at 8:05, and Thursday, Aug. 21, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Aug. 22, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 23, at 2:15.

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **SARATOGA**: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 23. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 16; the Spinaway, Wednesday, Aug. 20; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 23. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 13. (Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 9 and 11:30.)

TENNIS—Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. Through Sunday, Aug. 17). . . . ¶ National Singles and Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Saturday, Aug. 16, through Sunday, Aug. 24.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Friday, Oct. 17. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43). . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 20-24.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Nine programs in a series of science-fiction films: Aug. 14 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Panic in Year Zero" (1962); Aug. 15 at 2, "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil" (1959); Aug. 15 at 5:30, "Five" (1951); Aug. 16 at 3 and 5:30, "Forbidden Planet" (1956); Aug. 17 at 2 and 5:30, "Conquest of Space" (1955); Aug. 18 at 2 and 5:30, "Planet of the Apes" (1968); Aug. 19 at 2, "Things to Come" (1936); Aug. 19 at 5:30, "Transatlantic Tunnel" (1935); Aug. 21 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Omicron" (1963). . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 2 and 5:30: "Life Begins" (1932), with Loretta Young. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 11:30: "Shadows" (1961), directed by John Cassavetes. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 2 and 5:30: "Lights of New York" (1928), with Helen Costello. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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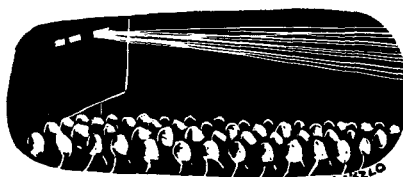
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



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17	18	19	20	21		

2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 18.)

THE LOVES OF ISADORA—Or "Isadora," as it was more sensibly titled before the scared meddlers of the industry got near it. Karel Reisz directs this study of the life and character of the great Isadora Duncan, danced spectacularly by Vanessa Redgrave and acted by her with an observant mixture of High Romanticism and the astringent sense that often lies hidden in the Romantic's phenomenal drive. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through Aug. 17. . . . Art. 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Aug. 20.)

MATA HARI (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 14-20.)

MIDNIGHT COWBOY—John Schlesinger directs James Leo Herlihy's story for horselaughs, but the movie is worth seeing for a look at Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman, who play the cowboy and Ratso Rizzo. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

MONTEREY POP—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians, including Simon & Garfunkel, the Who, Otis Redding, and Ravi Shankar. (Art. 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Aug. 19.)

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 14-20.)

NINOTCHKA (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 14-20.)

OLIVER!—Carol Reed directed this beautifully made version of "Oliver Twist," and it's what big musicals are supposed to be and so rarely are. With a fine cast of singer-actors. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

OPEN CITY (1945)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 20.)

ORDET (1957)—Directed by Carl Dreyer. In Danish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 19.)

ORPHEUS (1950)—Directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through Aug. 14.)

THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC (1927)—Directed by Carl Dreyer. A French film with an English narration. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 19.)

PERSONA (1967)—A study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 16.)

PETULIA (1968)—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as

swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 20.)

POPI—Alan Arkin in a rich part that includes a scene as a Puerto Rican busboy at a Cuba Libre banquet who is mistaken for a heroic veteran of the Bay of Pigs. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445. . . . 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; through Aug. 19.)

PRETTY POISON (1968)—A psychological thriller, with Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld. Directed by Noel Black. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; starting Aug. 15.)

PURPLE NOON (1961)—A thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 13.)

PUTNEY SWOPE—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey, about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

RASHOMON (1951)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 15-18.)

RED DESERT (1965)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 15.)

ROMEO AND JULIET—Zeffirelli's version is rather like "West Side Story" performed in a nineteenth-century Italian theatre: teen-age kids and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

THE SEA GULL—This carelessly made version of the Chekhov play gives one an almost Chekhovian sense of missed opportunities but Vanessa Redgrave is an extraordinary tubular and girlish Nina, and there are suggestions of what the other roles should be in the performances of James Mason, David Warner, Denholm Elliott, Kathleen Widdoes, Eileen Herlie, Harry Andrews, and the miscast Simone Signoret. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 20.)

SHAME—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. With the remarkable, strong young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 19.)

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Aug. 21.)

A TASTE OF HONEY (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 18.)

TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD (1927)—About the October Revolution (Russian). Eisenstein (also Russian) directed it. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 14.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

VARIETY LIGHTS (1950)—Federico Fellini's first film, made in collaboration with Alberto Latuada. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 20.)

THE WILD BUNCH—A fine Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913, with a violent gutter poetry and social bite that would have pleased Brecht. Good performances by William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and especially by Robert Ryan. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050. . . . Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Aug. 20.)

YELLOW SUBMARINE (1968)—The Beatles' Pop Art animation feature with hippie heroes fighting the Blue Meanies with love and music. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 20.)

THE AFRICAN QUEEN (1933)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 17.)

ALEXANDER NEVSKY (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 15-18.)

BAY OF THE ANGELS (1964)—Directed by Jacques Demy, with Jeanne Moreau. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 13.)

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (1947)—A Jean Cocteau film. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through Aug. 14.)

THE BLOOD OF A POET (1934)—A Jean Cocteau film. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 13.)

CHILDREN OF PARADISE (1945)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 13.)

DINNER AT EIGHT (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 21.)

EASY RIDER—A ballad about an eastbound cycle-odyssey across modern America. Stanzas of encounters with a gradually hardening country, and reprise lines of lyric motorcycle riding by the two heroes, who are played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. The third hero, a middle-aged, highborn Southern liberal lawyer, is brilliantly seen as the hippies' natural blood brother, and acted with the greatest talent by Jack Nicholson. Directed by Dennis Hopper; his first film, and very fine. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

W. C. FIELDS SHORTS (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

FUNNY GIRL—The extraordinary performance of Barbra Streisand makes this one of the most enjoyable movie musicals in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

GOODBYE, COLUMBUS—Richard Benjamin is very funny indeed in a film by Larry Peerce taken from Philip Roth's horrified novella about the Jewish skill in playing on guilt-strings. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 0-8037.)

GO WEST (1941)—Life on the wild plains interpreted by the Marx Brothers. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 14-20.)

THE GRADUATE (1967)—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Aveo Embassy East, 220 E. 50th, 688-1717; through Aug. 19.)

LA GUERRE EST FINIE (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 13.)

IF . . .—A suffocating English school as a reflection of class society, in an attempted epic on violence and revolution. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; starting Aug. 15.)

JUSTINE—Lawrence Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet" filmed in the foreseeable Hollywood way, with a script written all for narrative, and actors from everywhere (Anouk Aimée, Anna Karina, Dirk Bogarde, Severn Darden). George Cukor directed. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 50th, 355-1663.)

KING OF HEARTS (1967)—A comedy by Philippe de Broca of a First World War soldier waylaid and surrounded by the inmates of a lunatic asylum and a zoo. In French and English. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 19.)

THE LION IN WINTER—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole is robust and in good voice. With Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art. 225 W. 57th, JU 2-

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 19: **MONTEREY POP**.
From Aug. 20: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA**.

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Salesman," a documentary film.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Aug. 19: **SHAME** (in Swedish); and
KING OF HEARTS (in French and English).
From Aug. 20: **THE SEA GULL**; and **PETULIA**.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"A Session with the Committee." The Committee is a Los Angeles satirical group, and this is a film of one of their performances.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Aug. 14: "The Gay Deceivers," Kevin Coughlin, Larry Casey.
From Aug. 15: **IF . . .**; and **PRETTY POISON**.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Aug. 19: **POPI**.
From Aug. 20: "Staircase," Richard Burton, Rex Harrison.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Aug. 17: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA**.
From Aug. 18: "Thank You All Very Much," Sandy Dennis.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Learning Tree," Kyle Johnson.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Me, Natalie," Patty Duke, James Farentino.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"More," Mimsy Farmer.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
JUSTINE.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

PACIFIC EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Carol White, Paul Burke.

AVCO EMBASSY EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Aug. 19: **THE GRADUATE**.
From Aug. 20: "Sweden—Heaven and Hell," a documentary film.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
PUTNEY SWOPE.

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BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
EASY RIDER.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 8th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 17: "Ring of Bright Water," Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna.
From Aug. 18: "Take the Money and Run," Woody Allen.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Marry Me! Marry Me!" (in French), Claude Berri.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 19: "The Horse in the Gray Flannel Suit," Dean Jones, Diane Baker; and "Peter Pan" (1953), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.
From Aug. 20: **THE WILD BUNCH**.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Castle Keep," Burt Lancaster, Patrick O'Neal.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Best House in London," David Hemmings, George Sanders.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
POPI.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 13: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** and **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (both in French).
Aug. 14-20: **NINOTCHKA**; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**.
From Aug. 21: **DINNER AT EIGHT**; and "Grand Hotel" (1932), Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
POPI.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Detour" (in Bulgarian).

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Aug. 19: "Teorema" (in Italian), Terence Stamp, Silvana Mangano.
From Aug. 20: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Aug. 14: **ORPHEUS** and **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST** (both in French).
Aug. 15-18: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian); and **RASHOMON** (in Japanese).
Aug. 19-20: "Miss Julie" (1952; in Swedish), Anita Björk; and "Torment" (1947; in Swedish).
From Aug. 21: "Black Orpheus" (1959; in Portuguese), Marpessa Dawn; and "Gate of Hell" (1954; in Japanese), Machiko Kyo.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
THE WILD BUNCH.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
2001: **A SPACE ODYSSEY**.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"True Grit," John Wayne, Glen Campbell.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"La Chamade" (in French), Catherine Deneuve.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Best House in London," David Hemmings, George Sanders.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
W. C. **FIELDS SHORTS**; and "The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy" (1967), a film made up of excerpts from their old movies.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
POPI.

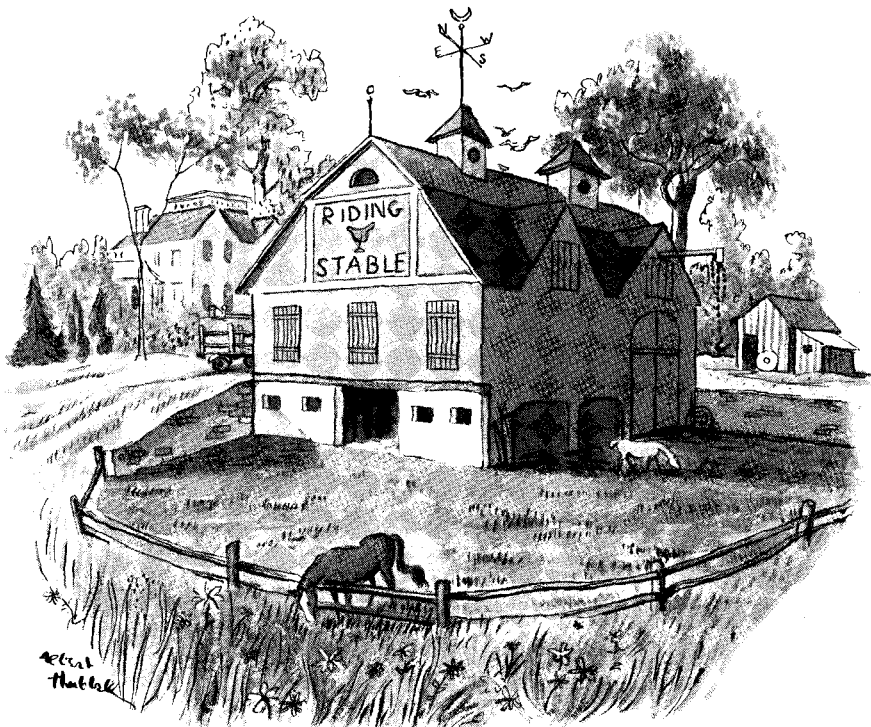
REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Aug. 19: **MONTEREY POP**; and "Blue Surfari," Ricky Grigg.
From Aug. 20: To be announced.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 13: **THE BLOOD OF A POET** (in French); and "Freaks" (1932), Olga Baclanova.
Aug. 14-20: **GO WEST**; and **MATA HARI**.
From Aug. 21: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**; and "Targets" (1968), Boris Karloff.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 19: "The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve; and "How Sweet It Is!" (1968), James Garner, Debbie Reynolds.
From Aug. 20: **YELLOW SUBMARINE**; and "Support Your Local Sheriff," James Garner, Joan Hackett.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 13: **PURPLE NOON** and **BAY OF THE ANGELS** (both in French).
Aug. 14: **TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD** (silent); and "Portrait of Lenin" (1967; in Russian).
Aug. 15: **RED DESERT** (in Italian); and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below" (1962), a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.
Aug. 16: **PERSONA** (in Swedish); and "Benjamin" (1968; in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.
Aug. 17: **THE AFRICAN QUEEN**; and "Min and Bill" (1930), Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler.
Aug. 18: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**; and **A TASTE OF HONEY**.
Aug. 19: **THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC**; and **ORDET** (in Danish).
Aug. 20: **VARIETY LIGHTS** and **OPEN CITY** (both in Italian).
Aug. 21: "The Barber of Seville" (in Italian), Tito Gobbi; and "Plisetskaya Dances" (1965), a Russian documentary film, with an English narration.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 90th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Aug. 19: "Teorema" (in Italian), Terence Stamp, Silvana Mangano.
From Aug. 20: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA**.





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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AMERICANS watching television the night President Nixon landed in Washington after his circumaviation of the globe witnessed a strange, undignified tussle. Vice-President Agnew, preparing to unburden himself of a hearty welcome, found the microphone set at the level of his navel. His attempt to tweak it higher, like that of many a master of ceremonies before him, met with indifferent success, and the only other man in the vicinity, the President, stooped to lend a helping



thumb. For a good twenty seconds, in a wicked downpour, in the view of an honor guard from the Army, Navy, Air Force, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, and the capital's massed dignitaries, not to mention the millions of dry citizens sitting astonished in their living rooms, the two executive heads of a nation that had just put man on the moon (cost: \$23,900,000,000) and is debating purchase of the ABM system (cost: \$10,800,000,000) wrestled futilely with a recalcitrant gadget; they finally compromised by delivering their remarks in a sheepish, hunchbacked posture.

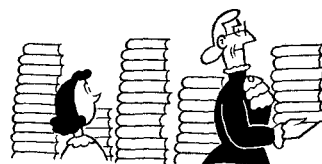
Now, what is the matter with microphones? This incident at Andrews Air Force Base merely echoes—at the highest level of amplification, as it were—thousands of similar embarrassments, a myriad of unloosenable adjustment screws and uninvited wows and ear-piercing bleeps, at banquets and town meetings and lectures and other assemblies across the nation. The microphone is the foremost public enemy of public men. No pursuer of greatness, though surrounded by his bodyguard and his brain trust from dawn to mid-

night, though insulated like shipped crystal from the rude shocks that common flesh is heir to, can evade or soften his terrible confrontation with the microphone. In that gulf of silence between the pattering cessation of the applause and the scratching commencement of his own voice, it confronts him like an enemy—inscrutable, devious, treasonous. His opening quip may be swallowed by a tumult of feedback or sliced in two by a sardonic, wave-shaped whine. Technology seems helpless in the face of such witchcraft. Its impudent malevolence invades every precinct, however sacred. An international conspiracy is indicated—nay, an interplanetary one. For there is something unearthly in the microphone's small, tilted fly's-eye of a head, its single chromium foot, its telescopic stalk of a body. Our suspicions are reinforced by the recent evidence that Mars is lifeless. Clearly, its life has fled elsewhere, and has infiltrated our voluble, gullible population. Microphones are Martians.

Frances Steloff, L.H.D.

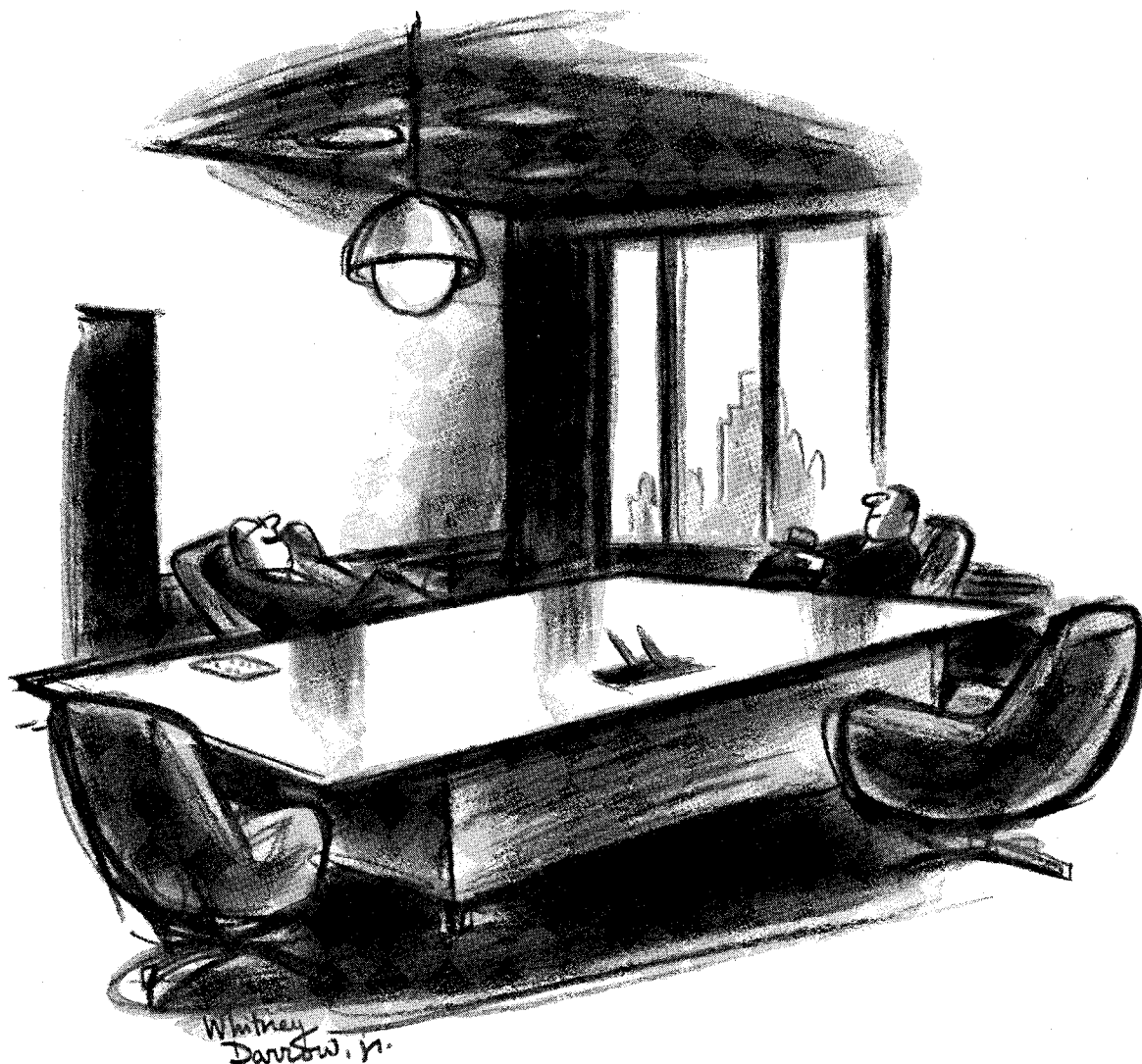
WE spent a good part of two recent afternoons in the Gotham Book Mart, on West Forty-seventh Street, catching up with Frances Steloff. Miss Steloff, an old friend of ours, is the founder of the Gotham Book Mart. She opened her shop at 128 West Forty-fifth Street—where the Peppermint Lounge is today—on January 1, 1920, the day after her thirty-third birthday, and she ran it for forty-eight years before turning it over to a young man named Andreas Brown, who comes from California and is a bibliographer and an appraiser of rare books. Now, with the Gotham in its fiftieth year, Miss Steloff serves it as consultant. She once told us that she began loving books when she was a little girl, in Saratoga. She visited her aunt's house one day and saw piles and piles of books. "I experienced a thrill

handling those wonderful things," she said. "And then my grandmother took them away from me. That's why I



have so many now. I get the same thrill handling them." Miss Steloff began selling books in 1907, when she came to New York from Saratoga and took a job at Loeser's Department Store, in Brooklyn. She was hired to work in Corsets but was shifted to a book table during the Christmas rush and sold volumes of poetry bound in imitation leather stuffed with cotton batting. From then until 1920, she worked in about a dozen bookshops. She moved the Gotham in 1923 to West Forty-seventh Street, which was residential. Now it is full of diamond merchants, who set up in business there after the Second World War.

Miss Steloff has always lived over her bookshop, and she still does, in a small apartment that looks out onto Forty-seventh Street, and she says that she still sleeps on the terrace in front of her apartment during hot weather. She has done quite a bit of travelling since she sold the shop, but when she is in town she comes down to work every day. A lot of her time in the shop is spent in an alcove toward the back. This alcove is her office. It has several thousand books in it, and it is divided from the rest of the shop by a desk and some bookshelves. There is a piano stool in front of the desk, and there is also a stepladder, a child's chair, and a dining-room chair. The two chairs are painted blue, as are the bookshelves. The books on the bookshelves are her favorites—the ones she particularly hopes that people will buy. Her favorite books are mostly in the fields of theology, philosophy, and metaphysics. There are books on Indian literature and phi-



"To my mind, the secret of executive performance is the ability to delegate authority. For instance, nothing ever reaches this desk."

losophy, Judaica, Christianity, Christian Science, theosophy, anthroposophy, Zen Buddhism, and yoga. Her favorite authors—the ones she thinks the world most urgently needs—are Gurdjieff, Ouspensky, Krishnamurti, Tagore, Gandhi, and Joel Goldsmith. Her favorite book is the Bhagavad-Gita. Miss Steloff dislikes salesmanship. She once said that the Gotham Book Mart does not sell books, it just offers books for sale.

There are also several pictures in Miss Steloff's office. There is a poster commemorating the centennial of racing in Saratoga, in 1963. There is a poster of Gurdjieff with a photograph of Marianne Moore Scotch-Taped to it, and on a ledge over the desk there are photographs of Zero Mostel and of a cat, and a handsomely lettered, framed quotation from Yeats. The desk is mostly covered with letters, circulars, catalogues, and books, and there are more books on both of the chairs. The piano stool and the stepladder are

usually kept free, and when we talked with Miss Steloff on the first afternoon, she sat on the stool—because, she said, she couldn't vouch for its staying upright if anybody else tried to sit on it—and we perched on the ladder.

That first afternoon, Miss Steloff was wearing a light-blue silk smock, a white blouse with some small camels embroidered on it, and a brown floral-print skirt. She was also wearing blue button earrings. During office hours, she always has a pencil in her hair, and it used to be said of her that she would produce this pencil and change the price on a book right before a customer's eyes, lowering it if she liked him, upping it if she didn't. Her hair is soft and white. She is not a tall woman. Her face is unlined, and her bright-blue eyes and her smile shine. Her glance is very sharp. She generally wears a pair of half-glasses in the shop, and she has been known to stare over them at a customer whose looks she did not like, and suggest

that he try Brentano's.

In 1965, Miss Steloff received an award from the National Institute of Arts and Letters for distinguished service to the arts, and two years later—a year before she sold the Gotham Book Mart—she was given an L.H.D. by Skidmore College. Shortly after she was awarded her doctorate, she received in the mail a poem entitled "Letter to Frances Steloff on the Occasion of Her Receiving an Honorary Doctorate." The poem, which was by an English poet named Peter Russell, said that the American poets of the past, had they had a chance to know her, would have been as fond of her and of the Gotham Book Mart as the poets of this century are. "Whitman would have walked in, shaggy old bear, / And hugged you as I'd like to do," Mr. Russell wrote, and he ended the poem, "So now, dear Doctor Steloff, may I salute you too?"

When we greeted

Miss Steloff that first afternoon, we said, "How are you, Dr. Steloff?"

Miss Steloff smiled, and said she was fine. "It's quite wonderful to be able to give up the shop and yet still be here," she said. "You know, I never ever imagined that I would give it up. I thought I would stay here and die on my feet. I was so surprised and pleased to give it up, and I'm so grateful for having Andy to take care of it. I still feel that it's my child, but Andy is a wonderful stepfather. I like to think that he'll never outgrow it. I never did. Phil Lyman is still here, too, as manager of the shop. He lives and breathes books—a born bookman. He knows the insides of books the way I used to know the outsides. This Gotham has a wonderful inner life. It isn't just a shop. I've always felt that it was something very special, and that I was its custodian. A hard-working custodian, of course. If we didn't have to struggle, we'd have wishbones where our backbones are. I've come in every day since

I sold the shop—every day that I was in New York. I put in full time during that first Christmas, but since then I've gradually come in later. Now I come in about noon—not having to hurry. I have time to play with my two cats—my *putzies*—and I work in here with the books I love the most. It's really a little shop within the shop, isn't it? I love to work with these books and share them with my customers."

A young man came into the alcove at this point and asked Miss Steloff where he could find a certain book. She stared at him over her half-glasses. "If you don't know where to find it, you don't deserve to have it," she told him tartly. But then she smiled and relented, and told him that if he climbed up on the stepladder he would find the book. We vacated the stepladder for a minute, and, when the young man had left, resumed our perch and asked Miss Steloff where her travels had taken her recently.

"Well, I went on a good vacation last May, after I sold the shop," Miss Steloff said. "I don't know why I chose May, but there must have been a reason. I went to London and Paris for a few days, but I spent most of my time in Israel. I have so many friends there now, and I had never seen the old Jerusalem. Then, on the way back, I spent a few days with my old friend Caresse Crosby in her castle, at Roccasinibalda, about an hour out of Rome. She and her husband, Harry Crosby, who was a nephew of J. P. Morgan's, ran the Black Sun Press back in the twenties and thirties. They published all the moderns—Joyce, Pound, Lawrence. They also published the first edition of Hart Crane's 'The Bridge.' They brought out exquisite books. People buy them just for their beauty. Isn't it wonderful that he spent his money that way, instead of becoming a play-boy? Caresse has had the first floor of the castle done up as studios, which she gives free to anyone creative. Isn't that wonderful? Then, that August, I went to Sligo for the Yeats Festival, and spent a few days in Dublin."

Miss Steloff paused, then said, "When I'm *here*, I keep very busy."

We asked Miss Steloff what she was busy doing at the moment.

"So much," said Miss Steloff. She said she had just established an annual poetry prize in memory of her good friend Christopher Morley. "It's for the best humorous poem each year," she went on. "The prize is five hundred dollars, and it will be awarded by the Poetry Society of America. I was going to make it a sonnet prize. In the last letter I had from him, he said that he spent all his time writing sonnets, and that he didn't care if anyone read them. But they already had a sonnet prize. Then I began thinking about Christopher's good humor, and I thought he'd like a prize for humorous poetry. I never cease to be grateful for people like Chris Morley. Knowing him was a high spot in my life. I've been thinking about him a lot lately, because tomorrow night I'm going to have to make a speech before a poetry reading sponsored by the Poetry Society of America. It will be the first speech I've ever made, and I thought I'd tell them about the early days of the Gotham and about the twenty-three years we spent at 51 West Forty-seventh Street, before we moved down the street to this site. We had a back yard there, with an outdoor art gallery and some open-air bookstalls, like the ones along the Seine. In the summer, there was an

umbrella, and Chris and Bucky Fuller and Bill Benét and Bill Hall used to sit outside at lunchtime there and eat their sandwiches. The umbrella was always officially raised for the first time each year on May the fourth, the day before Chris's birthday, which he always spent with his family. We called it 'the putting up of the umbrella.' We had lots of authors' parties out there in the garden, and art shows, too. The critics always said that the landscapes looked better in the open air. Wait a minute. I'll show you a picture of it."

Miss Steloff rummaged around in her desk and produced a copy of the Gotham's catalogue for the spring of 1937. On the cover was a picture of the back yard, with the bookstalls and the umbrella plainly visible, and underneath the picture was a paragraph about the back yard by Christopher Morley, taken from his column in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Mr. Morley wrote, "One of the very pleasantest loitering places in a warm lunch hour is the back garden of the Gotham Book Mart. . . . One *littérateur* in the neighborhood [presumably the author] likes to bring his luncheon sandwich and cold canteen into the courtyard and look over the books



"It's too bad you can't get federal matching funds, whatever they are."

while he chaws. If he drops crumbs in a book, he always buys it, as a matter of courtesy."

While we were examining the catalogue, an older man came into the alcove and said he had heard that Miss Steloff was going abroad in a few days, and what was she going to do about her cats, because if she hadn't already made other arrangements, he would be only too happy to help out.

Miss Steloff looked pleased and thanked the man. Then she turned back to us. "I was going to tell you a story about the party we had for Kenneth Patchen in the back yard—the first one we ever had there. But now I've got to finish my speech. Why don't you come back in two days' time, after I've finished with the speech, and then maybe I'll have some time to chat."

We said we would be delighted, and two days later we returned, to find Miss Steloff looking radiant. The speech had been a great success. The Poetry Society of America had even given her an honorarium. "I had no idea they paid," Miss Steloff said, her eyes wide open.

We had a good long talk with Miss Steloff that afternoon. She told us that she had given ten thousand dollars to Columbia University for study and research on Joyce in honor of her friends Mary and Padraic Colum and William York Tyndall. She took us up and showed us the new art gallery, on the second floor of the Gotham—something she is very proud of, and something she had always hoped would come into being one day. (The installation of the gallery was one of Mr. Brown's first achievements after he assumed ownership of the Gotham.) Finally, we asked her to tell us the story about the party she had been too busy to tell us the other day.

"Well, we got a keg of beer and some potato chips," Miss Steloff said. "The party was supposed to be from five until seven, but by eight no one had left. I was doing the cash drawer, and I wanted to close up shop. I hadn't eaten all day. Miriam Patchen was standing by me, and I asked her if we couldn't get them to leave. She thought not until the beer ran out. Joe Gould was also standing with me. I always liked Joe. He was dirty and toothless but nice. He came over to me and said he hoped he hadn't delayed me. 'Oh, no,' I said. 'You haven't kept me.' He leaned close to me and grinned, and said, 'I wish I could afford to.' Well, I wasn't in the mood for compliments, so I sent him about his

business. But I've always remembered his remark. It was nice, wasn't it?" Miss Steloff laughed.

Samaritan

A FRIEND of ours who insists on using his car in Manhattan pulled up to a Third Avenue parking meter near Bloomingdale's the other afternoon around five o'clock. He was about to put a dime in it when a fluttery lady approached and said that she had just parked behind him and she wondered if it was necessary to put money in her meter. Our friend said yes, of course—the Meter Maids were very diligent, and she would certainly get a parking ticket if she didn't. The woman then asked him if he had change for a quarter (he had) and if he could show her how to put a coin in the contraption (he could). After profuse thank-yous, she walked off toward Bloomingdale's, her mentor close behind. Twenty minutes later, he returned to his car and found a ticket under his windshield wiper. He had forgotten to put a dime in his own meter. The lady's windshield, however, was bare—a model for law-abiding citizens to respect everywhere.

Thursday Parade

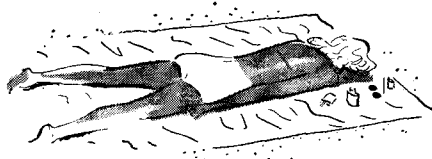
WE heard the other day that an organization in East Harlem with the pleasant name Shalom, Inc., was organizing a parade. We heard, indeed, that Shalom had been organizing parades quite regularly, on Thursdays, throughout the summer, that the parade marchers were young children, and that the whole thing was thought to be a great success. On the day of Shalom's most recent parade, we set out to see for ourselves.

When we arrived at Shalom's headquarters, on 105th Street between Second and Third Avenues—a storefront next door to the Puerto Rican Social Club ("Billiards" and "For Members Only")—we found on the sidewalk in front of it a young girl in purple bell-bottom pants stencilling a cardboard sign. The sign said "Shalom, Peace," and we noticed, once we had entered the storefront, that nearly everyone in it—there were a great many small children, a few teen-agers, and a

very few adults—was wearing a stencilled sign saying "Shalom, Peace." One of the adults came up to us and introduced himself. He was an energetic man of about thirty with curly blond hair, and he said that he was the Reverend Harold Eads, known to all as Hal Eads, and that with one or two other people he had organized Shalom. "Shalom has to do with the coming together of the many sections of an urban society," he explained. "The point of the parades is to celebrate the differences between different people and different groups. We had an African parade, and we made drums out of ice-cream containers. We had a Roman parade, and we made chariots. We had a Puerto Rican parade, and we made ponchos." That afternoon, Mr. Eads said, Shalom was organizing an American parade. "The only things we could think of that would be exclusively American were signs and pickets, so we made signs and became pickets. We will picket for Shalom and Peace. And baseball caps," he added. "We made baseball caps, and everyone will be wearing one of those."

Mr. Eads then introduced us to Mr. George Cables, who is a jazz pianist. Mr. Eads is a Methodist minister, and he and Mr. Cables met two years ago to plan a jazz service. He introduced us to the Reverend Felix Sugirtharaji, who is a minister of the Church of South India, and then he introduced us to Mrs. Alice Ware. "Mrs. Ware knows everyone in the community," he said. We then introduced ourselves to Miss Cristal Harris, who is six. "I know everybody here, too," Miss Harris said.

Shalom set out west on 105th Street some thirty-five strong. Everyone had on a "Shalom, Peace" sign and a paper baseball cap. Singing, we discovered, is an important part of a Shalom parade. The group sang songs learned for previous parades (one song, celebrating Italian culture, had to do with Romulus and Remus) and songs learned specially for this American parade. The two songs that were sung most often were "Shalom" and "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." On its way to Third Avenue, the parade passed the Colon Spanish-American Grocery and the Molino Rojo Restaurant (where several adults on the steps joined in "Take Me Out to the Ball Game"). Then it moved north on Third Avenue, through a busy commercial block ("Nehru Jackets \$10.99—Unbelievable But True"), and east on 106th. The parade stopped close to Second Avenue to give a special





"Quick! Get your gun, Pa! Here come the suburbs."

performance of the Romulus-and-Remus song for an Italian family known to the group, and then continued east to First Avenue. There was not a hitch in the parade. The marchers (by this time, of course, expert in the art of parading) stayed in an orderly line, and only occasionally did Mr. Eads or Mrs. Ware have to prod them to sing louder. At one point, however, the

Romulus-and-Remus song was pretty badly drowned out by music broadcast through a loudspeaker from a record shop, and at another point it was pretty badly drowned out by an ambulance siren. Otherwise, everything went very well. The parade attracted admiring attention. One young mother and her child joined it for nearly a block. At the Elite Linen Serv-

ice & Commercial Laundry, a man waved and then broke into a little dance as the group went by. Only when the group approached the Shalom storefront did the tempo let down. As the parade broke up, we asked Cristal Harris (by whose side we had walked) what song she liked singing best, and she said that she *definitely* liked the baseball song best.

MOONSTRUCK AT SUNSET

I BELIEVE it was Hippolyte Taine, the historian—or possibly Monroe Taine, the tailor, a philosophical chap who used to press my pants forty years ago in the Village—who once observed that immortality is a chancy matter, subject to the caprice of the unborn. Not every notable wins his niche in the hall of fame on precisely the terms he would have chosen, and for every marbled dignitary in the Borghese Gardens or the Bois de Boulogne there is another who survives only as the trademark of a cigar, an italicized entry on a menu. Could Dickens have visualized himself as the patron saint of a taproom on West Tenth Street, or van Gogh as the tutelary god of an Eighth Avenue cleaning establishment? Neither Dame Nellie Melba nor Lily Langtry, certainly, would have been content to face posterity as they have, one as a dessert and the other as a foundation garment. Perhaps the most eccentric parlay of this kind I know of, though, was unwittingly generated in the brain of a British novelist named Robert Hichens. When he spun his famous tale of Domini Enfielden's desert love and entitled it "The Garden of Allah," he never could have foreseen the landmark by that name—or, worse yet, a punning version of it—that would rise one day in Holly-

wood to perpetuate the glory of a Russian actress.

The actress, of course, was Alla Nazimova, and in naming a cluster of hotel bungalows on Sunset Boulevard the Garden of Allah the builder paid impressive tribute to her talent. (Since the builder happened to be Nazimova herself, there was never any question of her sincerity. With the passage of time, unfortunately, Nazimova's reputation waned and the Islamic cognomen prevailed.) As Hollywood architecture went, the place was fairly restrained—a sprinkle of tile-roofed, neo-Spanish villas centered about a free-form pool—and its clientele equally so. Most of the hotel's guests were migratory actors, playwrights, and similar gypsies with tenuous links to the picture business, and if they revelled they did so discreetly and in whispers. This was a source of perplexity to the press, notably a Manhattan columnist I once encountered on the grounds. It was his conviction that debauchery was mother's milk to screen folk, and he had selected the Garden of Allah as a vantage point to study it. Unable to find any orgies, he became morose, drank an immoderate amount of whiskey one night, and dove headlong into the pool in his dinner clothes. After his return to the East, he wrote a description of a

couple of saturnalias he had attended in the Garden which would have shocked Petronius out of his toga.

The time was 1931, and my wife and I were recent arrivals in Hollywood, unfamiliar with its mores and domiciled in a sleazy bungalow court near the studio where I was undergoing my novitiate as a screenwriter. Our flat was less a home than a bivouac. The walls were plasterboard, the pastel-tinted furniture the flimsy type found in nurseries, the rugs and draperies tawdry, and the kitchenware minimal. As for the conversation of our fellow-residents that filtered through the walls, that also promoted no feeling of stability. They seemed to be constantly staving off bill collectors and betting on horses that never finished, exchanging symptoms of incurable diseases and rehearsing roles inevitably excised from films in the cutting room. But the rent was nominal and our discomfort somewhat allayed by the usual will-o'-the-wisp delusion that we were saving money hand over fist.

One evening, I came home to find my wife dissolved in tears. After crystallizing her over a Bunsen burner, I managed to elicit the reason. A matron in Beverly Hills whom she knew had visited the premises that afternoon and pronounced them sordid. Ostracism, swift and pitiless, loomed in Filmdom

unless we moved at once, her friend declared; the only possible locale that might restore the face we had lost was the Garden of Allah. I spurned the idea with such vehemence that the neighbors beat on the walls to quiet me, but their protests went for naught. In rhetoric that must have reminded them of Edmund Burke denouncing Warren Hastings, I poured vials of wrath on suburban snobbery; I blasted the colony's *nouveaux riches* until the welkin rang. When its strains died away, I realized the futility of argument and meekly started packing.

Since all the villas at the Garden were chockablock at the moment, we were lodged for an interval in a two-story annex overlooking the pool. The prospect from our windows was a soothing one—barbered lawns and shrubbery, emerald water rippling





"I fear, sire, we have the wrong Michelangelo."

in the balmy California sunshine, and over all a genteel hush that bespoke affluence and contempt for vulgar display. Guests were rarely visible on the walks; occasionally a seamed old plutocrat in canary-yellow slacks doddered forth to exercise a Pekinese, or a European movie director in overtight satin shorts, mistakenly believing himself on the Riviera, would dog-paddle cumbrously about the pool, but otherwise the drowsy, peaceful scene was seldom marred. The first intimation of anything unusual came the second night after our arrival. Fire broke out in an apartment house nearby whose name immortalized still another celebrity—the Voltaire Arms—and some two-dozen occupants of the Garden converged excitedly on the grass to watch. Among them were several screen personalities of both sexes whom we had no trouble identifying, as well as a number of prominent playwrights, executives, and agents. They were all officially married, but not to their present roommates. While startling, there was nothing indecorous about the assemblage; its members looked like sleepy children as they stood knuckling their eyes and gaping at the fire engines. One wondered if their faces would reflect the same dewy innocence in the divorce court.

Once ensconced in a villa of our own, it soon became evident that our neighbors, if more solvent than those

in the bungalow court, were as peculiar. The man next door, for example, was a wizened homunculus who had edited one of the New York tabloids during the Peaches Browning era. Behind the smoked glasses that hid his saffron-colored face, his eyes were on continual alert for some unseen enemy. I thought that perhaps he feared reprisals from gangland chiefs he had exposed, for he never ventured out except in a polo coat with upturned collar, and then only a few steps from his burrow. The explanation given my wife by our maid was more mundane: he was beset by process-servers trying to collect the alimony he owed five women. His misogyny one day bore fruit. He wrote a book chronicling his vicissitudes, a best-seller that became a hit play and eventually a musical smash, but his wives triumphed. They garnisheered his royalties, and he ended his days a bankrupt on a New Jersey goat farm.

In the cottage adjoining his was another enigma, a celebrated character actor whose behavior also occasioned intense speculation. A suave, courtly leading man popular on Broadway and in films, he was married to a society beauty no less distinguished than himself. Always arm in arm and solicitous of each other, they seemed a devoted couple, except that she often appeared in public with a black eye. He and I developed a nodding acquaintance, and one afternoon, quite without prompt-

ing, he confided to me that his wife had fallen the night before and struck her eye on a birdbath. A few days later, she exhibited another shiner, contracted, he told me, in the same manner. The third time it happened, I was tactless enough to ask if there was a birdbath in their villa, as I had seen none on the grounds. Our friendship curdled abruptly, which may have been providential. There were probably more black eyes where his wife's had come from.

Gradually, as time wore on, other transients whose actions defied analysis passed through the Garden—a gray-haired poetess who strummed a lyre outside her door for inspiration while composing her verses, a nautical couple who hung out a mess flag whenever they dined, and an Englishman who owned what appeared to be a haunted Rolls-Royce. The car, a vintage model, persisted in rolling out of the garage with nobody at the wheel—a habit he vainly sought to curb by keeping chocks under it and tying the gearshift with clothesline. It was obviously no easy task to minister to the whims of such diverse folk, and how Virgil, the hotel's one-man staff, accomplished it I could never understand. A stoop-shouldered, overworked wraith with an air of patient resignation like that of Zasu Pitts, he doubled as clerk, bellhop, and Florence Nightingale, forever in transit to Schwab's drugstore to fetch midnight sandwiches for the tenants,

searching out bootleggers to allay their thirst, and nursing them through their subsequent hangovers. Whatever the commodity or service one demanded, whether it was caviar, a seamstress, bookends, or a massage, Virgil was the genie who supplied it, and after repeated demonstrations of his resourcefulness we began to regard him as superhuman. I found out otherwise when, yielding to his incessant entreaties, I bought two tickets to a spectacle called "The Love Life of Dorian Gray," an amateur production then current at a neighborhood theatre. The play was a fearful hash of epigrams torn out of context from the novel and refurbished with homemade apothegms such as "Love is like a lobster trap; those who are in wish to be out, and those who are out wish to be in." It was acted with unbearable elegance by a cast of heavily peroxided young men and one ill-favored girl, who clearly had backed the venture. Such was the lethargy it induced that by the final curtain all five of us in the audience—two drunken sailors, a nine-year-old boy, and ourselves—were petrified in our seats, unable to move. In the light of what ensued, though, I have to admit that the evening was not entirely wasted. The leading man, ranging the rest of the company before the footlights, requested our attention. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said earnestly, "exactly fifty-three years, six weeks, and four days ago, a traveller arrived at customs in New York who, when asked what he had to declare, responded, 'I have nothing to declare except my genius.' May I therefore ask you, my friends, to bow your heads along with ours in one minute of homage to a great playwright and a gallant gentleman—Oscar Wilde."

Though my horoscope failed to reveal that we were destined to revisit the Garden of Allah often in the following decade, one episode in that first tenancy remains forever etched on my memory. The film script I was crocheting at Paramount was a vehicle for a quartet of buffoons whose private lives were as bourgeois as their behavior on the screen was unbridled. Their actual identity is unimportant, but for those who insist on solving puzzles the ringleader of the group affected a sizable painted mustache and a cigar and his three henchmen impersonated, respectively, a mute harpist afflicted with satyriasis, a larcenous Italian, and a jaunty young coxcomb who carried the love interest. Having supped repeatedly at the homes of all four, my spouse felt obliged to reply in

A TALE FOR THE LONGHOUSE

The Indians were brought low.
If height couldn't dizzy them
abasement knew how.
From sheer shame
they almost toppled to fall
the few inches left.
Some took Christ as a pill.
They hoped it would give them a lift
or at least steady feet
in a heaven more natural.
Others heard an old face repeat
tales from a past more hopeful
than the lean-to they squatted in.
They learned what a tribe could do.
They weren't bothered about sin
so much as dishonor. They grew
up from their heels and went out.
You can't keep them down now.
Where skyscrapers start to sprout
as no tree ever did—hollow
from the start—they arrive
in their second-hand cars and sign on.
They rivet and buck their way up, thrive
at a height angels view with concern
and wouldn't tread if you paid them.
Those braves got their feet back.
Like a tribe, though, you can't nail them
down in one spot for long. Attack
and withdrawal is still their strategy.
They hang on right up to the top
but may take off before the glassy
walls are all in to wall a new crop
of white-collars in. It's not money
they're after, or just enough—minus tax—
to get back to their woods and relax
before raiding the next doomed city.

—JON SWAN

kind, and, in an ill-considered burst of generosity, invited them and their wives to dinner at the Garden. "We'll have drinks and canapés in our place beforehand," she informed me, "and then take them over to the dining room." Overriding my protest that it was a catacomb, she said, "Yes, yes, I know how depressing it is, but Virgil's promised to put in two more forty-watt bulbs, and, anyway, they'll have such a skinful by then that they won't know what they're eating."

"O.K., but that's only half the problem," I said. "How about the dog?" We had a fairly unruly pet at the time, a standard schnauzer who ate everything he could get his paws on. "He's never seen people like these—I better keep him locked up in the bedroom so he doesn't bite one of them. After all, they're my livelihood."

Deriding me as a Cassandra and a calamity howler, she went ahead with her preparations, ordering flowers and liquor as lavishly as if for a wedding and mailing elaborate reminder notes to the members of the troupe. On the appointed evening, they appeared with their wives, the latter exhibiting noticeably sullen faces. I was not aware then of something I learned much later—that these kinswomen were at daggers drawn and never saw each other socially. While the men stood around glumly draining their cocktails, the ladies began exchanging barbs so venomous that I was afraid homicide might follow.

"I love your hat, darling," one complimented another who was wearing a cloche composed entirely of feathers. "You know something? It makes you look exactly like a little brown hen."

"You don't say," her sister-in-law replied sweetly. "Well, it's a long time since anyone called *you* a chicken."

As the tension mounted and the atmosphere became charged, I grew





"Do you stock Melhauser's 'Book of Genteel Profanities'?"

panic-stricken, and I may have mixed stronger drinks for the company than was prudent. At any rate, I, for one, was sufficiently expansive by the time we were midway through dinner to nourish the illusion that the party was a roaring success. In my relief at having averted mayhem, it mattered not that the food was inedible, the service appalling; I skipped about in the murk lightheartedly refilling everyone's wineglass, joshing the men and charming the ladies—I was, in a word, the perfect host. Indeed, my gaiety was so infectious that the assemblage sat there openmouthed, whether in wonder or overcome by yawns it was too dark to determine. Finally, however, my cornucopia of badinage and jollification was emptied, and the guests trooped

back to our villa to retrieve their wraps. I strode ahead of them, giving my version of Richard Tauber interpreting the "Volga Boatmen's Song," and, as I threw open the door, was confronted by a startling tableau: Cradled in the mink coat that belonged to Mustachio's wife lay our schnauzer, with an object I dimly recognized as her cloche bonnet between his forefeet. He had just stripped the very last feather from its surface and was smirking at us with the pride of an artisan whose work is well done.

Gone is the Garden today, and on its site there stands a curious structure that is either a bank housing an art gallery or an art gallery housing a bank—in Hollywood one never knows. Nowhere inside, though, will the cine-

ma buff find a plaque or any clue to commemorate the shrine a Russian tragedienne erected to herself, and yet none is really necessary. Whenever I traverse Sunset Boulevard nowadays (which, praise God, is hardly ever), I always stop and bow my head in one minute of homage to a great actress and a gallant real-estatenik—Alla Nazimova.

—S. J. PERELMAN

NEW HAVEN—Harvard, Yale and Princeton have produced more national leaders than any other universities, according to a study by Dr. George W. Pierson, Larned Professor of History at Yale. In "The Education of American Leaders," published secretly by Praeger...—*The Times*.

In this permissive age?

THE SPIRIT OF THE ROAD

THEY arrive later than usual—nearly eleven—and Le Saint-Tropez is crowded. Noise in the room diminishes the noise from the bandstand: “Vee all liff inna jello submarine, jello submarine...” Lino Fabiani, an Italian who sings hit songs from foreign lands phonetically, has been imported to Casablanca for a limited engagement.

The owner of the club is at the door (“*Bon soir, M. Rouggani. Bon soir, Mesdemoiselles. J’ai votre table*”), and by the time they make their way through the dark confusion of bodies and greetings and compliments to their table at the side of the dance floor a waiter is there, lowering a tray. On the tray: a bottle of Johnnie Walker Red, with a thin chain about its neck, a small silver plaque, “M. Mustafa Rouggani” engraved upon it; one bottle of Perrier, two of Coca-Cola; a dish of ice; glasses.

The day had been one of a dazzling sun, and Madeleine and Cecilia were so charming and childlike, laughing and splashing and playing on the slide, sliding into the pool at the Sable d’Or, Mustafa had not had the heart to tell them that to stay at the *plages* past five o’clock, when the beachboys began to gather the cushions and stack the chaise longues, was not considered dignified. And, truly, he had been enjoying himself, too. His daily appearances in the past week at the beaches, at the restaurants and cafés, at the discos with these two lovely young American girls had excited a certain envy among those in his circle and produced a multitude of invitations—invitations that he politely (and perhaps smugly) refused. He marvelled at his luck. Yet he was often bewildered by the girls, and wondered what it was that they were about.

“*Perrier ou Coca, mes enfants?*” he asked.

“*Perrier, Mustafa. Toujours Perrier.* You know, Mustafa, sometimes I wonder at you, I really do. And the French. Scotch and Coca-Cola! I saw it in Paris at a point when I thought I was beyond shocking and was really shocked. I suppose I’m suffering from that creeping morality against which there seems no defense. You decide to be free, cast convention to the winds, so to speak, then in all sorts of odd ways you discover you’ve an innate sense of right and wrong. Perhaps

Locke was right after all. But then, it seems a most Hobbesian state of Scotch-drinking. It’s so hard to really know about these things.” Madeleine was not making sense. She knew it, but did not much care. The time for sense-making on states of nature had come two years before at U.C.L.A. in “An Introduction to Political Philosophies,” had been met to advantage, and had passed.

Mustafa only smiled, as did Cecilia. Mustafa was thinking that here was another example of his English not standing him in good stead. He wished the girls spoke better French—after four or five hours, English tended to make his head ache. Cecilia was thinking of Tennyson and the Beatles, wondering idly whether she had stumbled into the Land of the Lotos-Eaters or the Yellow Submarine. The past six months with Madeleine had certainly been unusual.

CECILIA was a practical girl, who had grown up quietly in Santa Barbara, where her father was a businessman of local renown and her mother a leader in civic affairs. Her life had progressed agreeably enough, though it seemed to her that she had been required to attend an inordinate number of teas. Her four years at Scripps did nothing to alter her notion that she was destined to be a bearer of

children and active on committees of the Junior League. Just before graduation, she attended with Charles, the son of her mother’s dearest friend, a rather elaborate wedding supper in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel. She was not enjoying the party. Her shoes were too tight, and Charles was behaving like a fool, braying

and gushing and sloshing champagne. She excused herself from their table and headed toward the ladies’ room, watching her reflection in the mirrors as she passed through the bar, thinking that her tan was really quite good for May, that pale-green silk was really quite good on her, that pale-green silk was really much too popular this year; over there in the mirrors was another girl wearing exactly the same color—two girls with pale-green silk and suntans moving between the carpets and chandeliers—and she looked familiar, but that’s the trouble with these social things, Cecilia thought, they’re packed with familiar-looking people, and isn’t

that a sinister-looking Mediterranean type she’s talking with, and...

“Hey, hey, goodbuddy, *comment ça va?*” The second girl had moved from the mirrors to Cecilia’s side.

“Madeleine! It’s you!”

“Of course it’s me. What do you think? And this is Rachid. Rachid Riad.” Madeleine was smiling. She, too, had been drinking champagne. She was delighted to see Cecilia, but she’d been reading Stephen Potter and trying out the ploys, one of which was greeting people one hadn’t seen in years as though they’d been at lunch the previous day. Madeleine had the opening lines down, but couldn’t keep it up. Besides, she didn’t want to. She and Cecilia shared a common experience of Brownie Scouts and high-school cheerleading, but they had gone to different colleges, and then Madeleine’s family had moved to Laguna Beach and they’d lost touch. They fell to laughing and embracing—a public display that embarrassed Rachid; the complete Potter technique seemed to come naturally to him. After the girls had calmed themselves, the three chatted amiably for a short time, until Charles arrived and told Cecilia it was time to leave.

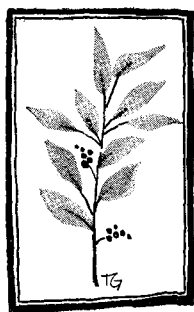
The rest of the summer, Madeleine and Cecilia saw each other frequently. Madeleine was off to Paris in September to study French at the Sorbonne. Cecilia, who had taken her degree in art history, was faced with the prospect of apprenticeship in a well-known southern California decorating firm.

“Cecilia,” Madeleine said one afternoon in late August, “you really should come along. It would do us both a world of good.” Neither of the girls had ever been abroad.

“Well, I couldn’t leave now, but maybe after Christmas I’ll have enough money—I really might be able to then.”

CECILIA had gone to Paris at the end of February. There was no sign of Madeleine at the only address she had for her. Cecilia made a considerable investigation and discovered that, after three weeks of “Cours de Civilisation Française,” Madeleine had left the country and was, in fact, somewhere in the Middle East. Cecilia sent a telegram care of American Express, Tel Aviv, figuring that any traveller in the area was bound to make that his last address: “MADELEINE I AM HERE AND WHERE ARE YOU STOP STAYING AT THE HOTEL DES BEAUX ARTS STOP HAVE MET SOME STRANGE PEOPLE STOP CECILIA.”

Madeleine, returning from a seaside



vacation in Elath, went to pick up mail at the American Express, and in three days Cecilia had an answering telegram: "CECILIA ARRIVING WITHIN THE WEEK STOP DON'T TALK TO ANYONE UNTIL I GET THERE STOP MADELEINE." Madeleine believed herself more worldly-wise than Cecilia, and she, too, had met some very strange people in Paris.

Together, the girls began the second semester of "Cours de Civilisation." Five days a week for almost two months, they dutifully climbed to the *troisième étage* of the Sorbonne annex, where language lessons were given to *étrangers*—*étrangers* that seemed all to be the sons and daughters of Indiana merchants and Idaho landowners. Their expectations of madcap gaiety faded before the grimness of their studies. Each day, it became more difficult to get up in the morning to go to the gray building, to the gray classroom with its worn wooden floor, to take down the adventures of Poil de Carotte as dictated. Then one day, after a particularly depressing morning session, they went down to the café at the corner of the Boulevard Saint-Michel and the Boulevard Saint-Germain, thinking to have an omelette and a little red wine, and ran into Joe, who'd been in Egypt when Madeleine was there. They had more red wine than they'd expected to have, and Joe told them of his adventures in strange cities and on the road, hitching back to Paris from Istanbul. He told them that they owed it to themselves to get out, that he would never have come back if it weren't that examinations were approaching and his draft board might take exception to his 2-S if the Sorbonne had no record of him beyond the first week. He told them they were fools not to realize they were free now—or could be—that they probably never would be free again, that the short run was what mattered; they should stop thinking of the long. It was enough. In a moment, Madeleine and Cecilia were racing up the stairs of their apartment on the Rue Xavier-Privas (just around the corner), throwing textbooks and dresses and notebooks and nylon stockings and pumps into packing boxes to be left with the concierge, plotting their escape with relief and glee, acting on Joe's final observation: "How many pairs of pants does a man need?"

LE SAINT-TROPEZ is on the Grande Corniche of Casablanca—a long, broad strand, with private beaches on the ocean side, clubs and discothèques



"Don't think of it as more insurance. Try thinking of it as getting me off your back."

on the other. In popular midtown cafés, Madeleine and Cecilia have seen signs: "The Sale of Alcoholic Beverages Is Forbidden to Muslims." But on the Grande Corniche one finds no such signs.

"That's Mme. Lahrichi," Mustafa says of a sun-streaked young woman dancing in diamonds in the center of the floor. "Her husband is a foolish man, but rich. Now he must pay for his weakness at the House of Dior, at Cartier—always in double. He is old, and his first wife is even older. She said she was sick, she would not let him come to her. But was he satisfied to have a mistress? No—he must marry. He must marry a young and beautiful girl. Here a man can still have four wives, but for each he must give the same. If one has a car—a Ferrari—the other, too, gets a Ferrari, a villa, a servant, and so. The old woman and the young meet every morning for coffee—they plan what they will make him do, they compare his presents. It is terrible, he is trapped, and at night she comes here dancing. It is a *scandale*!" Mustafa says cheerfully.

He regards Mme. Lahrichi in silence for a moment, and then his companions. "I am surprised you do not . . . Do you not have some *robes* . . . um . . . something *plus . . . plus soignée*?" he says uncertainly, for—although his interest in his own wardrobe is almost obsessive—he does not wish to offend them.

"How many pairs of pants does a man need?" Cecilia says. She is wearing red stretch Levi's, a navy-blue undershirt from Paris, from the men's underwear department of Samaritaine, Parisian tennis shoes—red flowers on a navy field, eight francs, from a bargain stall near the Seine. Madeleine smiles. She is wearing burgundy corduroy Levi's, a faded green turtleneck T-shirt from Penney's, Los Angeles, large dark shades, prescription; she is somewhat shortsighted. Mustafa believes these to be their only clothes. Perhaps they are poor, he thinks—yet, they seem to enjoy sauces and wines so. He does not understand them.

"Strongers inzee naught . . ." Lino Fabiani is back on the stand. Abdullah, a friend of Mustafa's from one of the ministries, who comes every night to Le Saint-Tropez, appears with greetings and an invitation to Madeleine to dance. She looks at Mustafa, he nods, and she goes off.

"You know, Mustafa," Cecilia says, "there are really an alarming number of roaches in that apartment. Last night, I guess we left a half bottle of Fanta uncovered, and this morning we discovered five drowned roaches in the bottom. One was so large it's a mystery how he ever got through the top. Whose apartment is it, anyway?"

Mustafa pours more Scotch for Cecilia and for himself. He thinks, Were it not for me, if they did not have me



"Ardeane, please! I love you!"

to protect them, what would have become of these girls? Yes, it is very good that we met, but sometimes they seem to so little realize it. He had helped them from the very first time he saw them—lost and confused on the Boulevard Mohammed V, studying maps and street signs, looking for the street of a hotel they had selected on the basis of price from a list provided by the Bureau of Tourism. It was many blocks away and he had offered to drive them, but they refused, so he had left his car and walked there with them. He had invited them to dinner that night, to a Moroccan restaurant that was very *typique*, and they had said no. But when he arrived at the hotel next morning to point out that the day was fair and must surely be spent at the beach, to that they had agreed. He believes incorrectly it was his talk of the good the Peace Corps was doing, most particularly in the southern deserts of Morocco, that won their confidence. In the evening, they agreed to his restaurant *typique*. The following day, the program was the same except for the restaurant—Spanish this time, with child flamenco dancers. On the third morning, Madeleine came down alone and said they couldn't go: Cecilia was sick—feverish, vomiting; she refused food, which was unlike her. Mustafa saw that Madeleine was alarmed and insisted that the girls move from the hotel to an apartment, where a doctor (his cousin) could attend Cecilia. "It belongs to a friend, who is on vacation," he explained.

When Madeleine ran upstairs to tell Cecilia the news, Cecilia protested. "It's the white-slave market. He's trying to enlist us in the white-slave market."

Madeleine had already begun packing their valises. "Cecilia, don't be ridiculous. He has a good heart. He's a settled married man—at least thirty. His wife's just out of town. Besides, there

is no white-slave market," she said, though she had noticed an article on the subject in a recent issue of *Jeune Afrique*.

Cecilia was still objecting when the girls reached the hotel lobby and found Mustafa at the telephone. "Do you see that?" she said to Madeleine, but Mustafa joined them before she could continue, and Madeleine said, "Mustafa, would you please tell Cecilia that you are not involved in the white-slave trade?" She thought this bold approach would dispel Cecilia's fears. Mustafa paused only a moment before answering gravely, "Ah, yes. It is true." He put his face inches away from Cecilia's, and peered intently into her eyes. "But you need not worry—it takes many days to arrange. One day, when everything is ready, I will send the three black men who come in the night, and they will take you away." He rolled his eyes.

They went with Mustafa, and in twenty-four hours Cecilia was completely recovered. Mustafa insisted they remain in the apartment; it is empty—why pay the price of the hotel?

The apartment is a large carpeted room, with cedar closets and shelves, all empty, a double bed, spread with orange and red floral material of the same pattern as the curtains, two chairs, a low table, a half-size refrigerator, a full-size tub in a separate bathroom. The only feature that distinguishes it from a Howard Johnson motel room is the entrance—two steel-enforced doors perhaps a foot apart, each requiring its own key. There is nothing in the apartment to indicate the existence of a former inhabitant, but Madeleine and Cecilia have grown strangely incurious since their arrival in Casablanca, and now in Le Saint-Tropez, when Mustafa answers vaguely, "Oh, just a friend," Cecilia does not pursue the topic. Instead, she says, "Do you go very often to Paris?"

"No," he says. "Two, three times a year. It is necessary for my business. When I go there, I am at first very light, very happy. I go to *les maisons* to find . . . costumes," he says, pausing a moment to let Cecilia admire the suit he is wearing. "But after a week, two weeks, I am tired, and the last days, when I must run around, getting the things on the lists, shoes and ties and *parfum*, everything—there must be presents for everyone—I am very, very heavy. And so my *bagages*."

"Yes, I know about baggage. Do you know what we did? We escaped from ours, just walked away, left it there—such a lot of stuff. I don't want ever to see it again, but I suppose I will soon, I suppose I must. It will make me sad, though, because then all this will be over. I'll go back to California and I'll never be able to run away from my baggage again. Madeleine always says that life is episodic, and I'm beginning to believe she's right. It's the spirit of the road. You know, when we left Paris all we had was a large map of Europe we'd got from a railroad station—a map with little brown lines running all over it, connecting the cities, and we just followed them. It seemed strange that the roads were so small—there were hardly any cars on them. We were almost to Dijon before we realized that what we'd been following was the railway route—not the auto route at all. People don't take trains much in California, or hitchhike, either, for that matter, and we lacked experience. But it didn't matter. We just went on, trusting the road to take us where we really ought to go. You've got to really trust it, though, or things won't flow. We only made one mistake. We decided to go to that dreadful festival in Pamplona—organized fun, boring organized fun. We should have stayed in Greece. All those

drunken Spaniards in their red-laced tennis shoes, screeching the chorus of 'Juanita Banana' from dawn to dawn, if you can believe it, *sans cesse*. And the American students who'd had to read 'The Sun Also Rises' for some course behaving worse than the Spaniards. We were standing in line to get tickets to the bullfights, and suddenly Madeleine said, 'I told Rachid that I would go to Morocco one day to visit him, and I think this is the day'—and *voilà!* Here we are."

"This Rachid, what do you know of this Rachid?" Mustafa asks, returning from a daydream of his own.

"Not much, really. Just that he's a friend of Madeleine's from U.C.L.A. who's apparently *disparu*. She seems determined to find him. I only met him once, last summer. He left right afterward for New York, and I guess he's here now. We can't stay much longer, and I do hope we find him soon. I think you'd like him."

"Is he the lover of Madeleine?"

"Oh, no. That is, I don't think so," Cecilia says. Certainly Madeleine had spoken of Rachid enough—they had both majored in political science and had known each other for two or three years—but the stories she told, were they lovers' stories? The story of the *couscousier* exploding couscous all over them and the kitchen ceiling and walls just as the dinner guests were ringing the bell—are people who cook together under such circumstances necessarily lovers? But what else could explain Madeleine's apparently sudden obsession? Had it really started in Pamplona, because they were having such a dismal time, or had it been there all along? Had she *planned* the whole trip to end in Casablanca? Cecilia tried to remember. She thought Madeleine had once said that she had almost married Rachid, but she wasn't sure. She did know that finding Rachid was terribly important to Madeleine. Nothing else would account for their early-morning excursions to the post offices and random bureaus of information, examining maps for his street, telephone directories for his name—many Riads, and none of them Rachid—until Mustafa would arrive to distract them from this frustrating and seemingly futile search. It is a search he has not offered to join.

The music stops. Abdullah returns Madeleine to the table and departs. It is after two. Mustafa pours three drinks from a fresh bottle that had appeared while Madeleine and Abdullah were off dancing the Jerk.

"I thought Arabs didn't drink,"

Madeleine says. "Rachid never did. Isn't it against the law?"

Mustafa stiffens. He does not like being called an Arab. "Morocco is the second-largest importer of Scotch, after your country," he says. He seems angry. "Rachid. Always *Ra-chid!* Who is this Rachid Riad? I have never heard of such a person. He was probably lying to you, telling you this was his name when it wasn't at all." Mustafa is a snob. He has gone to military school in France, to Saint-Cyr, the school of Napoleon. He was the only Moroccan in his class. His oldest brother holds a high place in the government, is frequently pictured in the daily *Petit Marocain* doing good works; his family has been wealthy and influential for centuries. It seems to the girls that Mustafa knows—at least by reputation—everyone in Casablanca.

"Perhaps it's that he's so much younger than you," Madeleine says. "He's only twenty-three, you know."

FOUR A.M. Mustafa is driving Madeleine and Cecilia home. He sings them a lullaby in French.

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est 'berceau,' Mustafa?*" Cecilia asks.

"I will show you." He steps on the brake, reverses the car slowly twenty

feet, brakes, moves slowly forward twenty feet. He does this five or six times, singing softly. "*Maintenant, cette voiture est un berceau.*"

Madeleine and Cecilia ought to be frightened, but they dismiss as remote the likelihood of collision with another car, another disoriented driver who is not part of the game. They laugh.

Mustafa laughs, pleased. "*Un berceau est un truc pour calmer les enfants,*" he says.

There is no collision.

At the door of the apartment, Mustafa announces, "Tomorrow, I will find for you your Rachid."

"Mustafa! Have you seen him? Have you found someone who knows him?"

"Tomorrow, *mes petites. Demain.*"

DO you think Mustafa knows Rachid, that he's known all along?" Cecilia is out of the bath and pulling on her maillot. It is of a strange, perforated design, bought when the need arose, when they reached the Mediterranean from Dijon. Months in the sun have left her with a spotty midriff. For this reason she avoids nudity, and dresses under her beach towel. It was a poor choice.

Madeleine is at the mirror, brushing her long blond hair. "It-is-impos-



"They've shut me up on the war, they've shut me up on racism, they've shut me up on poverty. All I've dared open my mouth about is the wearing of shorts in the shopping plaza."

sible-to-tell," she says, mimicking Mustafa's accent. "But I do hope so," she adds in her own voice. "Rachid is really wonderful. He could help me find some purposeful work."

"Here?"

"Yes, of course. I don't want to go back to Orange County. America's going crazy, and I don't want to see it. I could take up painting, or learn Arabic and dedicate myself to translating the works of Samuel Johnson. I love it here. The climate of California and none of the problems."

"Such as toilet paper?"

"Well, maybe it will have to be transcendental meditation. I'm a little nervous this morning. Are we having breakfast or not?"

MUSTAFA arrives around noon. He finds his friends sitting at the café on the corner, drinking *un exprès* with anisette on the side—a bracing breakfast they'd learned of in Spain. He double-parks and has a café au lait. Uncharacteristically, he is wearing an open-necked plaid sports shirt. He tells them it is from America, that it was brought to him as a gift from New York. Soon they're off, driving toward the city's commercial sector.

Mustafa speaks of his *école secondaire*, a private school in Fez, attended by the sons of Moroccans of wealth and privilege. "At the graduation ceremonies, there was a French general who spoke. He said, 'You must not be ashamed of being Arabs. After all, the Arabic people have much to be proud of. For one thing, they invented the zero.' I stood up and shouted, and everybody in the class stood up. We shouted. We threw our . . . our . . . *comment s'appelle* . . . graduating hats at him. Then the chairs. He ran away. We were boys. We thought he had insulted us. It was a *scandale*." Mustafa does not mention Rachid.

At a traffic light, he stops and waves, and a man opens the back door of the car and jumps in.

"Cecilia, Madeleine, je vous présente mon frère, Seddik. He does not speak English, so we will have to speak French."

"*Enchanté, Mesdemoiselles*," Seddik says, and then slowly, carefully, "It-is-not-true. I-have-some-English," and he smiles and says quickly, "*Mais, c'est plus facile en français*." Seddik is the middle brother, not the one in the government. He looks gentle, with gentle hands and eyes and voice, and serious. He is wearing a suit of lightest ivory wool, with buttons covered in the same material, a pale-blue shirt, a pastel

tie and matching handkerchief of subtle design. He is elegant and unexpected.

"You are enjoying your stay in Morocco?"

"Oh, yes, Seddik," Cecilia says. "I've never seen such beautiful beaches. Do you know whether they have those swimming pools in any other country? It's a wonderful idea." At some of the beaches, landscaped cement pools of varying depths and irregular patterns have been built from the shore out into the water, just high enough to break the force of the waves. Some have diving boards and slides. Some have a clump of land and a palm tree at their farthest edge; they look like the desert islands of cartoons.

"You do not have such beaches in America?" Seddik asks. "How do you swim in the ocean without going away with the water?"

"We don't swim so much in the ocean—we swim in pools at houses and we surf in the ocean. And some people do go away with the water, I'm afraid."

"I hope next year to visit America. I have friends there, the family Hamilton, of Phoenix, Arizona. Perhaps you know them. They come every year to Morocco. They are of a society, The Friends of Morocco of Phoenix, Arizona. Do you know of this?"

They drive on. After a time, Mustafa says, "*Avez-vous faim*?" The girls look around and are surprised to find themselves at the door of a restaurant. It is isolated, quite small, with



FAMILY

When you swim in the surf off Seal Rocks, and your family
Sits in the sand
Eating potato salad, and the undertow
Comes, which takes you out, away, down
To loss of breath, loss of play and the power of play,
Holler, say
Help, help, help. Hello, they will say,
Come back here for some potato salad.

It is then that a seventeen-year-old cub
Cruising in a helicopter from Antigua,
A jackstraw expert speaking only Swedish,
And remote from this area as a camel, says
Look down there, there is somebody drowning.
And it is you. You say yes, yes, yes,
And he throws you a line.
This is what is called the brotherhood of man.

—JOSEPHINE MILES

sliding glass doors of a type common in southern California but not in North Africa, mirrored walls reflecting a vision of sea so that no one need turn his back on the ocean, cut flowers, red and yellow and green, on fine white tablecloths, wood beams, broadloom carpets, and a silver cart perhaps three feet high, iced *langoustines* crowding the top layer, geometrically arranged *crevettes* glistening below. Behind the sliding glass doors, a terrace forms a pier out into the water. Enchanted, Madeleine and Cecilia forget about Rachid for a while, and eat and drink happily with Seddik and Mustafa. They finish their strawberries, and a waiter comes to clear away the plates. The ocean is sounding on the rocks just below them. The two girls walk from the terrace onto rocks that extend fifty feet out to sea before they are too far apart to be a path.

"Do you think he meant it about Rachid?" Cecilia says.

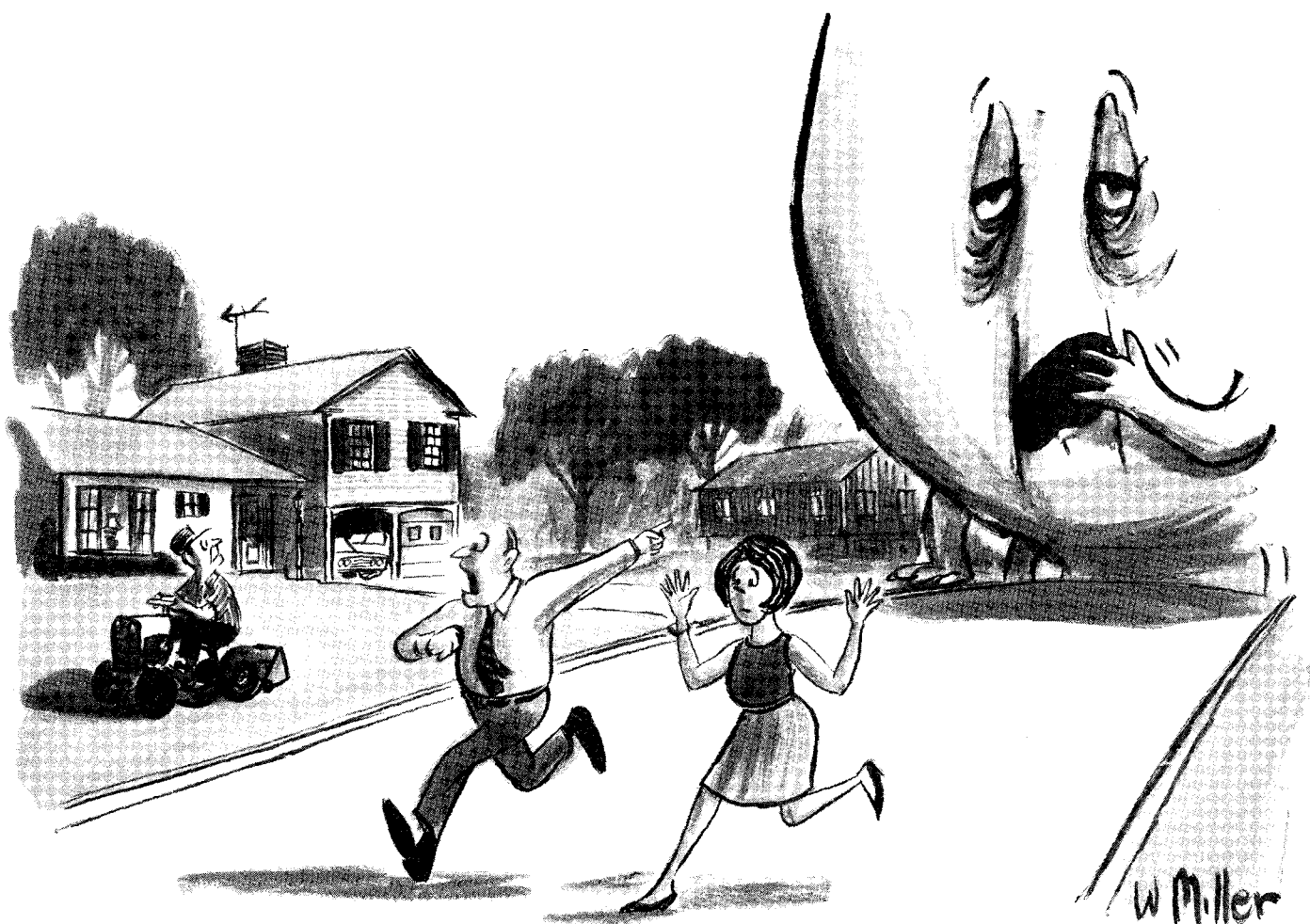
"It's hard to tell."

For a moment they are in the middle of the ocean, then back over the rocks and terrace for coffee and Cointreau.

At three o'clock Seddik says, "*Il faut partir. Il y a des affaires pressantes*."

They leave, all embracing and complimenting the *patron*, promising to come back soon—some afternoon when there are no business appointments, some day when lunch is the only scheduled event, some day when he can set before them *un vrai déjeuner mémorable*.

In Casablanca again, they bid Seddik farewell, and he gets out near his office, approximately where they had found him. Mustafa returns to a subject that was touched upon at lunch:



"Run for your life! It's Boredom, spawned by technological advances and overabundance of leisure!"

the *quartier central*, a square mile of slum. "It is our shame," Mustafa says. "Those people are a shame to a modern city."

He speaks with a Moroccan's contempt for his Moroccaness—this upper-class Moroccan. He drives them through the *quartier*, slowly through the cardboard and scrap wood, his new Peugeot tightly sealed against contamination, the windows up and the side vents locked. But he opens his window an inch from time to time, speaking a few words of Arabic to the gawking poor, explaining to Madeleine and Cecilia that the directions he asks are not real but the need to show that he is an Arab—Moroccan even—is. If they thought him European, their hostility might break out; they might attack. Madeleine and Cecilia do not understand, looking at Mustafa and seeing his proud Arab nose, his olive skin, his dark-lashed eyes of opaque brown that show no depth, that take everything and give nothing. How could they—how could anyone—think him anything but an Arab, especially in this part of the world? But they say nothing.

Mustafa has not taken the girls into

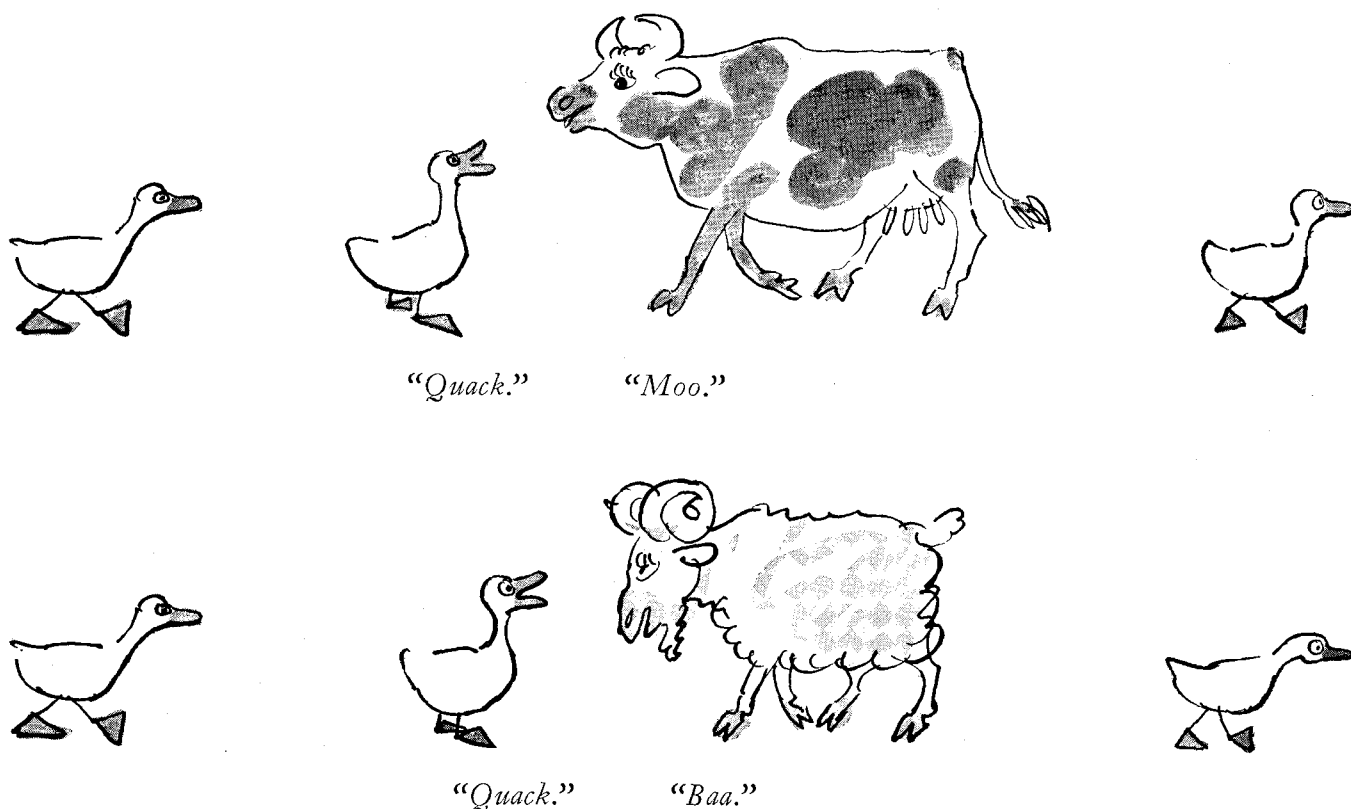
this section before. To Madeleine and Cecilia the *quartier central* doesn't seem horrible, perhaps because the misery of poverty isn't real to them, perhaps because they are mesmerized by the wine at lunch and the sensuousness of the ocean, perhaps because the people of the *quartier* seem attractive and absolutely foreign, wearing loose robes of a type they haven't seen before—bright chartreuse, hot pink. The shiny material is certainly sleazy, but the robes have the quality of stage costumes and seem no more dirty than one might expect costumes to become in a continuing production. They see everything through a haze of sun and wine.

And then they are beyond the *quartier*, driving in another direction. "Now," Mustafa says, "I will take you to visit my friends." Madeleine and Cecilia accept this as natural. It seems a custom of the country to receive people and entertain them, for tea, for dinner—indeed, for days—without expecting to be alerted by a telephone call or a telegram.

"Jean-Claude and Pierre are my only true friends," Mustafa continues. "I met them at Saint-Cyr. It was at

the time of the War of Independence. To them, to be Moroccan, to be French, there was no difference. We did everything together. And then when I came to Morocco they were stationed here, too. Nothing changed. They were married, I was married, and nothing changed. Did I tell you how I met my wife? It was at my brother's wedding—a traditional ceremony. She was there, the daughter of a well-known family of Rabat. I had two days' leave from my post in the southern desert, where I had been for six months. After graduating from Saint-Cyr, I was named captain of the post. When I had been there three months, Seddik came to visit me. He said, 'How do you stand it here alone?' I didn't answer—I didn't know. I stayed there two years. I met Najia at Seddik's wedding. We danced all night. Afterward, we made love. And the next day we were married. Madness. She is in Spain now, in Torremolinos, until September."

The route is through Anfa, the newest and most elegant section of Casablanca. Mustafa points out an enormous structure of wood beams and



glass that was used in the filming of a James Bond spectacular. The landscaping of Anfa resembles Bel Air, with expanses of green lawns, with imported trees; architecturally, it is like Palm Springs. This makes the girls happy, but reminds them of Rachid and of Mustafa's failure to mention his promise. Mustafa drives out of the Anfa section. Evidently his friends do not live there.

Now they are in the open country again, though not by the sea. Mustafa stops near a seven-foot stone-wall enclosure with an iron gate. The girls get out of the car and walk with Mustafa to the entrance. There is a Star of David on the gate. It is a Jewish cemetery. Mustafa opens the unlocked gate and leads Madeleine and Cecilia into the yard. He leads them silently between the monuments. Finally he stops. "Here is Jean-Claude," he says of a marble slab. And, moving to the next tomb, "Here is Pierre." He turns to Madeleine and Cecilia. "They were French."

Madeleine and Cecilia are confused. As long as they have known him, Mustafa has never said or done anything that was not intended to amuse, to make them laugh. The girls read:

JEAN-CLAUDE LÉVY 1935-1966
PIERRE COHEN 1936-1966

"They died in the same year," Cecilia says.

Mustafa says, "Yes," then turns

away and leads them back to the car.

Now they drive beside the sea. There is no traffic. Mustafa tells a story. "We had a summer house together, my friends Jean-Claude and Pierre and I. We went there, we ate, we drank, we had fun, the three of us and our wives and our children. It was very nice, with trees and a stream." He is silent and concentrates on the road for such a long time it seems that is all he will say. "One weekend I drove there in the early morning with Najia and their wives, with the children. Jean-Claude and Pierre must stay in Casablanca on business that morning, but Jean-Claude had a small Cessna, and they flew up after noon. It was a very hot day—July. The sun was bright. We heard the noise of the plane, and we all went out to watch them land. The plane circled, dipped a wing. Jean-Claude loved to play. He circled again and headed for the landing field behind the house. We were all outside, watching, and the children. There was a wire, the sun was too bright. Jean-Claude did not see it. The plane crashed so near that we could feel the heat from the flames." He looks at them sternly. "Now it becomes a long time ago."

After a moment, Cecilia says, "I'm sorry," but it does not seem enough. Madeleine says nothing. They ride on in shock and in silence. The sun is setting in glorious pink and red into the sea.

"I have spoken to your *Ra*-chid," Mustafa says. "If you want, we can meet him tonight at the Basin Street. It is American. There are American hamburgers and American jazz."

"Oh, Mustafa, that's wonderful!" Cecilia says.

"Oh, thank you," Madeleine says. "Will he really be there? Can we go soon?"

"Yes, if you like. It's time."

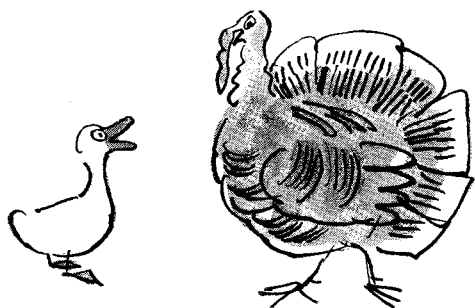
But when they arrive at Basin Street Rachid is not there. The restaurant is dark and candle-lit, with several rooms. Maps of Paris are enshrined in Formica on the tabletops in the dining room. Madeleine and Cecilia excuse themselves to the ladies' room. There they find gold washroom fixtures in the shape of fishes, and soft, soft toilet paper—purple.

"Oh, Madeleine," Cecilia says. "It is America. Miami Beach, I think. You don't suppose we could lift a roll of this stuff, do you?"

"No, I guess not. That's the trouble with not carrying purses. Cecilia—do you understand Mustafa? Was it true that those were his friends? Why did he take us there?"

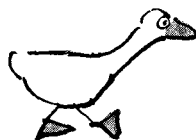
"Yes, I think it was true. I don't know why. No, I don't understand Mustafa. You were right, though—he does have a good heart."

They return to the dining room. There are three drinks on the table, but Mustafa's glass is nearly empty. "Rachid will arrive at seven o'clock,"

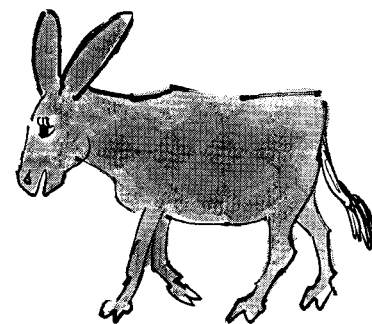


"Quack."

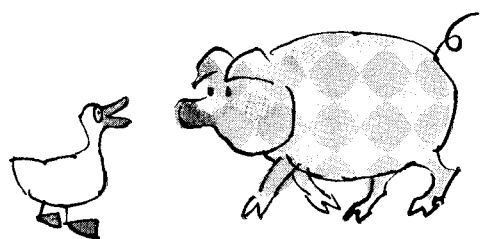
"Gobble-gobble."



"Quack."

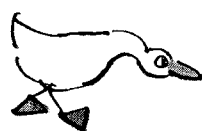


"Hee-haw."



"Quack."

"Oink."



"Quack."



"Quack."



he says. "In fifteen minutes. I am sorry to leave you alone, but it will be all right—the manager is a friend of mine; you may order anything you like."

"Do you mean you're not going to stay?" Madeleine sees that Mustafa looks tired, although he is smiling for the first time since their visit to the cemetery.

"No. I am sorry but now I must tell you goodbye. I am sure that your friend will take care of you."

"Do you mean that you're *leaving*?" Cecilia says. "That you've found Rachid and you're not going to stay to meet him?"

"Yes, it is better."

"But what about the apartment?"

"Stay if you like, as long as you like. It makes no difference. I am going to Torremolinos to see my wife. When you go, give the keys to the concierge." He stands and kisses them both goodbye.

"Do you think he means it?" Cecilia says when he's gone. "Do you think Rachid will really turn up?" From their table, the girls can see across the room to the main entrance. They sit apprehensively, examining each new face in the dim light. "Do you think they've known each other all along? This seems so drastic and melodramatic."

They do not see Rachid until he says, "So, Madeleine. I see that you make friends quickly." Has he come in

through another door? Has he been in another corner all the time, watching?

"Rachid!" Madeleine says. She stands to embrace him, but as she rises he sits down across the table in Mustafa's place, saying, "Cecilia. It is a pleasure to see you again."

Madeleine takes her chair as gracefully as she can. "But Rachid," she says, "we looked everywhere for you—we couldn't find your street, or your telephone number, or anything."

"I see," says Rachid, looking at Madeleine with a cool glance. "As it happens, our house here is closed at this time of year. My family is in Marrakech. You sent no word of your arrival. Did you think I would guess?"

Madeleine recognizes the look and the tone. She knows them from California. She knows that Rachid's anger will pass; he will take care of them.

"Of course," he continues, "had I been in Casablanca, I would have learned of your arrival long ago. Everyone knows the scandal of a man's mistress being obliged to get out of her apartment and live in a hotel for the

past week so that you two might be accommodated."

Both girls burst out laughing. "What?" Madeleine says. "You're joking!"

Rachid is frowning. "No," he says. "It is shameful. Unfortunately, it is true."

"But what *about* Mustafa?" Cecilia says. "Do you know him? Should we have tried harder to make him stay?"

"It makes no difference," Rachid says. And at last he smiles.

—ELIZABETH TINGOM

Robert W. Haack, president of the New York Stock Exchange, and Mrs. A. Paul Hartz, are looking eagerly toward the future. Haack anticipates the growth of a central depository for stock certificates and Mrs. Hartz, resolutions chairman for the General Federation of Women's Clubs, is delighted that the convention delegates passed the therapeutic abortion resolution.—*Photo caption in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Everybody has his own hangup.

REFLECTIONS

REVOLUTION AND RELATED MATTERS

THE INDOMITABLE FLAWLESSNESS OF DAWN

SCIENTISTS are not certain when man invented the wheel—a disc or circular frame, designed to revolve on an axis, that permanently altered his notions of distance and weight. They presume that the event occurred sometime during the Neolithic period of the Holocene epoch, between six thousand and ten thousand years ago. But they generally agree that the wheel was the most difficult invention in the history of civilization, and that its technological importance overshadows anything man had done before or has done since. It took an infinitely longer time to achieve the wheel—if one counts from the species' very beginning—than it took afterward to construct a combustion engine or to split the atom or to build the lunar module. Yet this device, both conceived and applied by Stone Age thinkers, still serves superbly. For all his technological miracles, man has not yet replaced the wheel with anything better. I have always been impressed by its weird, hoary, never extinct usefulness. Which leads to the thought: Perhaps it hasn't been necessary to replace it. Perhaps the wheel's form, nature, and essence are ultimate, and only its functions can be constantly increased and perfected. The idea that an early discovery might remain timelessly applicable hasn't appeared to be much *en vogue* of late, but it's worth considering anyway.

The principle at the core of democracy is not very much younger than the principle of the wheel. A power of decision drawn from a majority, with the ever-open possibility of a minority's turning into a majority, seems not totally alien to the earliest communities of *Homo sapiens*. Century after century, new features were added to the rudimentary pattern as countless men of thought and of action commented on and enriched its sense and substance. Unlimited abuses and outrages were committed against it or in its name, but the fundamental principle remained sound and unchanging. Some of the most potent minds argued convincingly that the power of the majority equals immorality, stupidity, and callousness, that it smells foul, and that it strips the human being of both dignity and the capacity for progress. But whatever they advocated to take its place re-

vealed itself to be worse. Others attempted to endow democracy with a new sort of excellence, but the final effects were much like the effects of improving the wheel by shaping it into an octagon. "True freedom exists only in the place where there is no ordinary freedom," a disaffected Eastern European playwright once wrote, with bitter irony. He could have said the same of democracy. I'm afraid that there exists no possibility of inventing anything better than ordinary democracy. Like the wheel, it is an organic element of our reality. What is left is the endless possibility of increasing and perfecting its functions.

CHILDREN OF THE CENTURY AND HEROES OF OUR TIME

THE adolescent American revolutionary of today is a repetition. His predecessor was the Romantic rebel of the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Their ideals and ways of thought are similar. Their behavior patterns are all but identical. The textures of their lives tend to have much in common. Even their concepts of outward accessories and symbols have some striking resemblances.

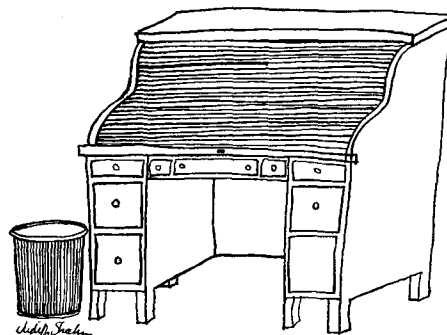
The Romantic rebel turned against the insensitiveness that was, in his eyes, embodied in his contemporaries, against the post-feudal system of society, against political tyranny, and against the blight he perceived in oncoming industrialization. He derived pride from his lofty "loneliness," which was then the fashionable word for alienation. He felt contempt for conventions, for order, and for all bonds except the natural ones. He yearned for individual distinction, strove to prove himself, and valued flights of ambitions, fresh impulses of the heart, intensity of emotion and action. He had his passionate chroniclers, some of them the literary geniuses of his epoch; Goethe, Byron, Pushkin, Alfred de Vigny perpetuated his memorable traits. By the force of

their art, they monumentalized both his virtues and his ridiculous aspects. They made the gap between him and his environment appear wider than it really was, and that was a great publicity hat trick—one that has also been skillfully performed by the American press of late—because nothing attracts more surely than the cumulative, much advertised partisanship of the attractive or than mythology disguised as reporting. Alfred de Musset coined for the Romantic rebel a proud and tender epithet: "L'Enfant du Siècle." Mikhail Lermontov called him, more forcefully, "Geroy Nashego Vremeni," or "A Hero of Our Time." They made of him the Style of the Era—a notion encompassing everything from *Weltanschauung* to hairdo. He was a paradigm to be followed by those who craved glossy prescribed and codified ideals for instant use.

The Romantic rebel was persecuted by those he combatted, but the persecution was not really severe. The feudal and monarchic structures were antique, and therefore were in transition. Those who embodied them felt old and tired, and grew skeptical about the set of values they were supposed to protect. They revelled in political machinations, malicious wisdom, and irony. A rebel had to have perpetrated a serious misdeed to be seriously chastised. The monarchs and their governments bestowed upon revolutionaries all kinds of compromises and courtesies—passports, with exit visas when needed, and mild punishments that made heroes out of them for a song. The monarchs flirted with the revolutionaries, praised their audacity, invited them to court, encouraged their effronteries, bantered with them, and perversely helped to build up their publicity.

History has proved that the Romantic rebellion was reactionary rather than progressive. Its followers consistently turned against civilization and finally despaired of progress. In the more distant future, their decadent anti-rationalism strengthened the ideological premises of Fascism and Nazism. Before that, however, the crumbling monarchic orders became constitutional, were transformed into cradles of modern liberalism, positivism, and scientific advancement, developed industry and humanitarianism, and nurtured the best traditions of tolerance, restraint, and social forbearance.

There were other heroes at the time,



but they were less conspicuous, being more modest. Nevertheless, they were often accused of opportunism. These were the men busy extracting the secrets of life from nature and contributing significantly to various branches of science, conquering disease and extending human life. They thereby helped insure that the next edition of the *Heroes of Our Time*, when they appeared on the world scene, would be mass-produced and thus infinitely more numerous.

The distinction between the Romantic and the Hero of *Our Time* lies in their different sense of pride. The former wanted to fight, and welcomed all the consequences of the struggle. He considered feudalism an evil, scorned it, didn't want anything from it, and recognized its right to fight back in self-defense. Being chiefly aristocratic in origin, the Romantic rebel cared for dignity and knew that only a readiness to pay the full price would give it to him. He welcomed persecution, for it gave his fight moral legitimacy. The Hero of *Our Time* demands all possible privileges from the order he tries to shatter. He claims the right to ruin without responsibility; in fact, he asks for the right to annihilate from those he desires to annihilate. Their resistance he calls oppression. Their arguments in defense of themselves and their values he brands as conformism. What do you call it when someone who has been beaten up for some abusive attack, which he proclaims a virtue, vilifies his chastiser, forgetting to mention that he himself attacked in order to bite off the other's ear? A Romantic rebel would have called it undignified, and perhaps would have added the word "squalid."

THE VICISSITUDES OF ORDER

WHATEVER youth perceives makes sense. Conversely, maturity has a sensation of a messy *déjà vu*, which subverts every meaning, and this makes the young seem to have a mysti-

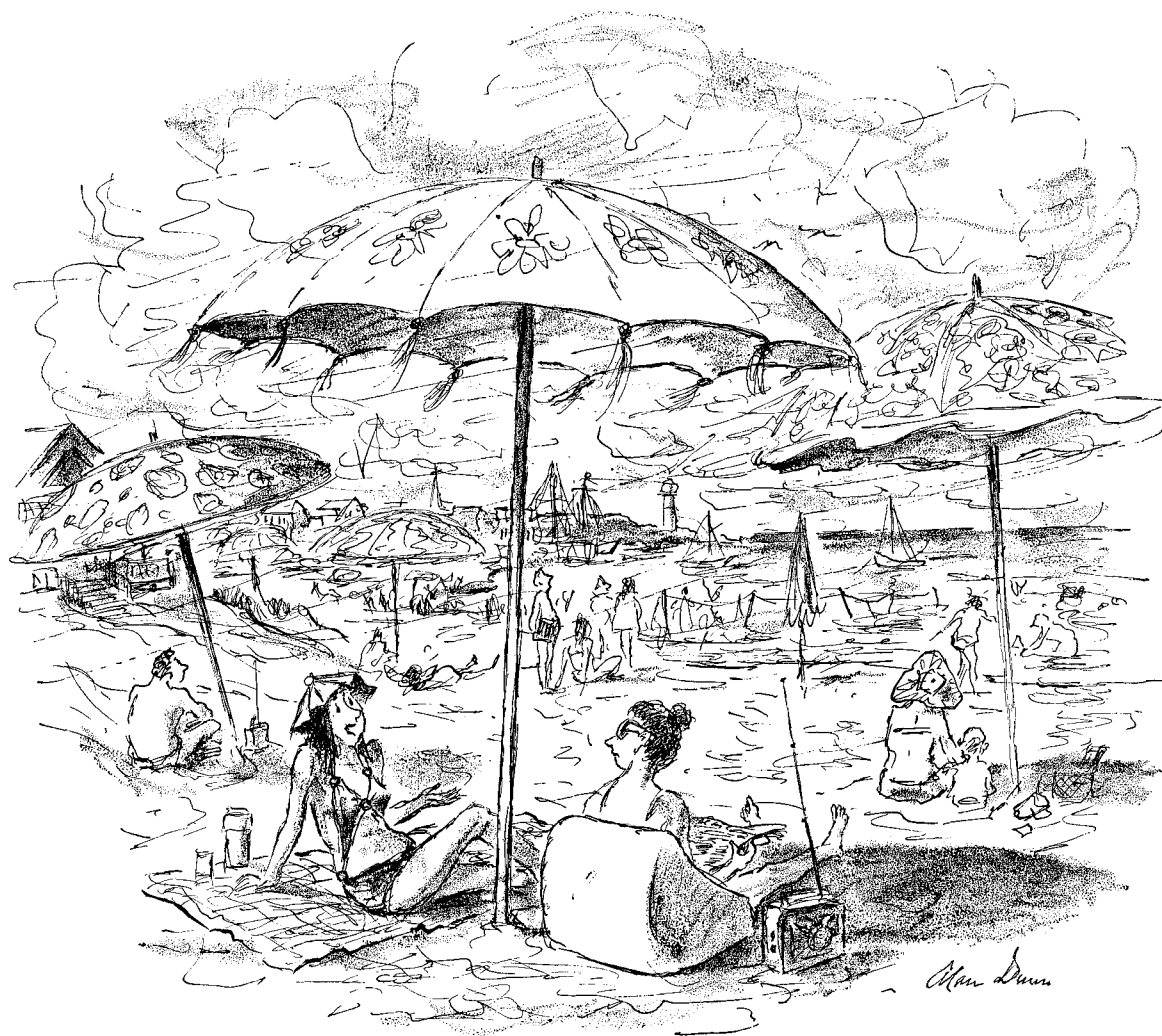
cal sense of order. Their particular way of perceiving things as they are is the most important reason for the young's compulsion to revolt *against* order at each step. For someone young, the world has an ordered meaning, things and ideas fit into well-classified compartments, strict evaluations contain an inward logic and are worthy of belief. The slightest abuse, suffered by imaginative inexperience, legitimatizes revolt. People of age have an overwhelming, though not always conscious, sense of life's anarchy. Largely for this reason, they yearn hopelessly for order and constantly accuse youth of creating disorder.

THE INEVITABLE AND THE UNACCEPTABLE

NO social revolution has ever resulted in moral transformation. That is, no revolution has ever improved human nature or turned any of life's inherent evils into anything better. Coming from Eastern Europe, I have had painful opportunities to check up on this. Revolutions change ban-

ners, colors, and inscriptions, and they may change ways of life, or what purists call "social conditions." Even those members of a population who appreciate the new, post-revolutionary condition soon find out that only the form, not the content, of their lives has been affected. Success is the only social factor that revolutions seriously tackle; as a rule, one who is successful before a revolution is rarely supposed to be so after. As a matter of fact, this rule is usually violated, in most intricate ways, and the history of social change is interlarded with pre-revolutionary reactionaries who made resplendent careers after a turnover. A career is largely the product of personal abilities geared to favorable circumstances—a combination that plain, simple-minded people call good luck or cleverness—and revolutionary idealism has proved too faint a force to deal with it effectively.

Some think of revolutions as epileptic seizures, inflicting horrible sufferings on the convulsed body. History, however, indicates that the process of convalescence and recuperation from



"All I know is I stopped listening to reason and my headache was gone."

their appalling consequences leads to all those feebly defined values others call progress. Healing their wounds turns into what can be described as achievement. It is, then, almost impossible to imagine today's world without its previous revolutions. For centuries, our sages have insisted, blandly but doggedly, that we are doomed to be wrong. Never are we permitted to choose between good and bad—only between better and worse. This is something that all revolutionaries (and reformers as well) should keep in mind. The sociopolitical potentialities of the human race are as narrowly restricted by gravity as one's body is. That fact doesn't absolve us from the obligation and the privilege of seeking change, but as we do so we must be aware of the simple truth that change in itself is by no

means a supreme virtue. Though nothing frees us from pursuing what we consider right and fighting against what we see as wrong, the task does become boring after thirty-five.

BRIEF ENCOUNTER

ON a bus heading toward a university campus, I met a girl with a folded red flag. She was black-haired and myopic.

"Hi, Dolores," my companion said to her. And he whispered to me, "Spanish names are chic among revolutionaries nowadays. Not Russian anymore."

"What a nice color," I said, indicating the flag.

"It's the color of Socialism," the girl said.

"Is that so?" I felt well instructed.

"I'm a Socialist," she added proudly.

I said, "Congratulations," which sounded rather silly, but I wanted to honor somehow her adamant devotion to the cause.

A bit vexed, apparently, she shrugged, and said, "Well, what could you possibly know about Socialism?"

"Not much," I admitted. "I lived only twenty years in a Socialist country."

"And what of that?" she said, with open scorn. "What did you see there? What did you learn from it? For me, twenty days in Moscow was enough to recognize how beautiful it is! Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful..." As she repeated the word, a sort of voluptuous beatitude came over her face.

How interesting it would be, I thought, to locate that delicate membrane which separates bliss from idiocy.

ART AND POLITICS AND SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

HAVING acquired position and also a New York style of awareness of the sociophilosophical ills of our time, a young artist from Texas declared during a press interview, "All people are political prisoners in the sense that they are prisoners of the system into which they are born." It's hard to deny that this sentence is a curious example of thinking. It would be interesting to know, though, what the thinker thinks about the systems of specific countries where men can spend half their lives in prisons because they think that a human individual has the unquestionable right to think freely. And what our pundit thinks about the strange circumstance that in his own country—and its political system—he does not risk being imprisoned for what he thinks, even if he shapes his ideas in a blatantly preposterous way, from both a logical and a semantic point of view, and then expresses them in speech and in print.

OPTIMISM

ONE noticeable feature of American democracy is that young simpletons repeating the most thoroughly worn-out and discredited slogans in a loud voice amplified by devices of the modern mass media are thoughtfully listened to by the older and wiser. Some observers find this depressing. I think it is encouraging, even cheering, and certainly it is an inexhaustible source of vaudeville.

TYRMAND'S LAW

I WISH to see my name, henceforth forever, connected to a law that I have discovered and formulated; namely, "The quality of a revolution-



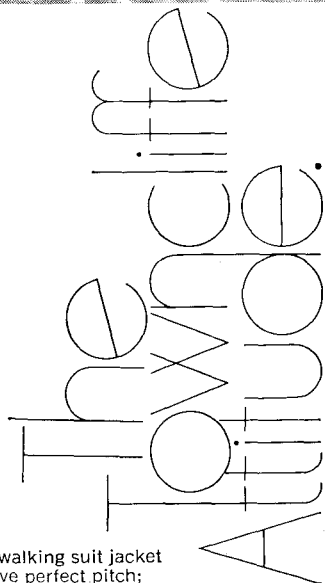
"That wasn't funny! And for as long as we're over here, don't you ever again order Napa Sonoma."



Estée is the
first super perfume.
And only one woman
could have created it.

Estée Lauder





The walking suit jacket must have perfect pitch; never the look of a sawed-off coat! Here, the rhythm is in three parts. Scotch Plaid in brown-green mixture with a turtled Merino sweater in camel. 6 to 18. \$150.
Lord & Taylor, New York
G. Fox & Co., Hartford
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ary is inversely proportionate to the quality of the system he fights against. The more oppressive and cruel the system, the more heroic and self-sacrificing the rebel. And, conversely, the better and more indulgent the system, the more flippant the revolutionary."

Of course, since it is a natural law, I didn't invent or shape it; I merely uncovered an aspect of reality that my contemporaries had stubbornly refused to see. Each social system, and each system of values, has had its revolutionaries. But in a society with a long democratic tradition of free expression the public's qualitative assessment of the revolutionaries gets hopelessly muddled by shallow, perfunctory press reports and interpretation. An occupier of a university building who resists a policeman trying to drag him out can by no means be called a hero. The young Russian intelligentsia struggle heroically for a clearly defined set of liberties which the young American intelligentsia fully enjoy. Young Russians pay for their demands with long jail terms, concentration-camp tortures, ruined health, wrecked lives. They have their heroes—Sinyavskys, Daniels, Litvinovs, Ginzburgs. It would be interesting to ask whom the Western student rebellion could cast as a counterpart. Maybe the London Maoist student who goes about armed with a stupendous gadget that covers his face with red paint the moment a policeman approaches or press photographers zero their cameras in on him. The American campus warriors love to draw a parallel between themselves and the Czech students, but the latter would hardly recognize them as fellow-rebels. The young Czech fights desperately for the basic right to protest—one that his American counterpart fully possesses but considers a minor asset, and abuses. The word "freedom" has different meanings for them: for a Czech it is a value he is willing to risk his life for; for the American rebel it's a natural condition, like breathing, and passes unnoticed unless it is put into words. A Russian or Czech student who has been marked as an opponent of the regime is expelled from his university in disgrace, and the expulsion cancels any possibility of a reasonable existence thereafter. An American student who spends his period of education in revolutionary activities is headed toward a bright future. His nonconformity is usually considered a sign of brilliance. He is hailed for stirring up

parochial environments and ending mental stalemates; his rebellious spirit is seen as a source of fresh ideas that enrich the prospects of progress. As a rule, he is accorded, a priori, a *positive* role in society, and if after concluding his studies he does not commit himself to bomb-throwing, he is assured of an excellent job, his bloodthirsty past benefiting him whether he is a newly converted moderate or an intransigent firebrand who can make a posh living purveying revolution to other affluent revolutionaries. Last year, a paper published by rebellious students in New York sported a proud heading under the name of the paper: "1968—The Year of the Heroic Guerrilla." Heroic? What's heroic about a fight whose consequences can be annulled with fifty dollars' bail?



I am not trying to belittle anything. All I want to say is that it's not true, as some hypocritical reconciliators ar-

gue, that the two systems are *equally* bad and the two establishments are *equally* criminal. It doesn't require a very sharp eye to perceive that one of them is much better in every respect. A social system in which one who tries to rectify it by force can enjoy personal freedom for the price of a blazer is infinitely more valuable than a system in which one has to pay for the same attempt with his life.

REVENGE

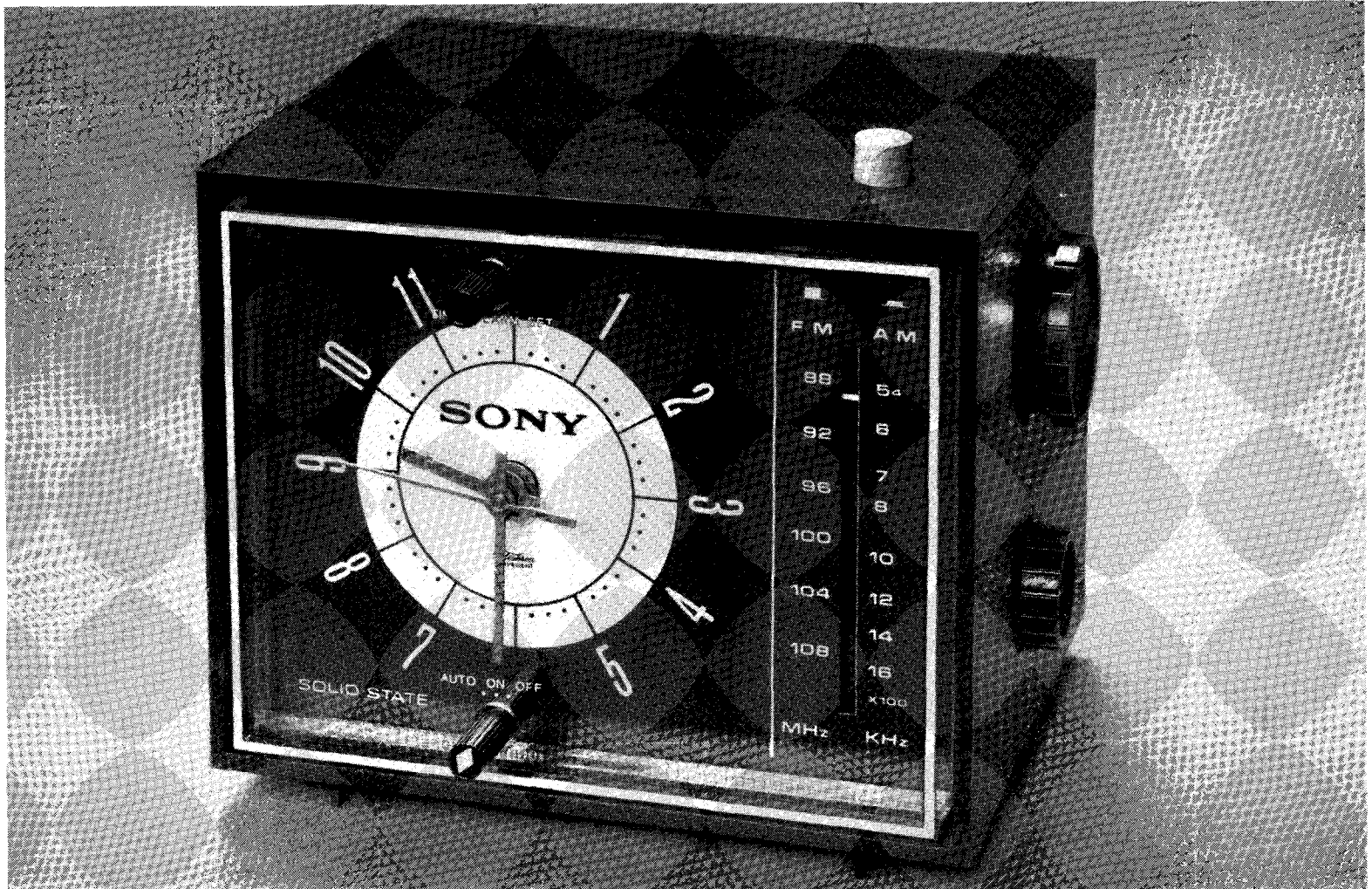
CHILDREN often grow rebellious because they are ashamed of their parents in public. This feeling of embarrassment accompanies them long enough to impel them to join the ranks of subversion. They overcome it when they discover that they are approaching a stage at which someone may have to be ashamed of them.

PROFESSOR MARCUSE

READING Professor Herbert Marcuse, one gets a notion of him as a distinguished intellectual who has been spared the necessity of barely surviving Hitler and Stalin—the dismal experience that so many intellectuals in Europe have not been spared—and who therefore now feels anxious. He is called the father of the modern youth revolution. This parentage might prove to be one of the causes of the revolution's miserable performance. Anger, despair, determination, and fanaticism have generated revolutions until now, but never anxiety, which might be held responsible solely for

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fashionable attitudes, poses, and countenances. According to Mr. Marcuse, air pollution is one of the most destructive elements of repressive American capitalism as it is organized by the inhuman incorporated monster that revolution is authorized to annihilate mercilessly. Air pollution considered as an instrument of social oppression is of dubious value when it is noticed that the oppressors are forced to inhale it as we do. The arguments that Mr. Marcuse uses in his neo-dialectical manual of upheaval and transfiguration qualify him not as a redoubtable opponent but, rather, as a symbol of the modern mind's colorful restlessness, very handy for public manifestations and press releases. Somewhat like the Beatles in the earlier era of rock and roll.



MAOISM

AT a party, I met a young man with a frail Victorian face, of a sort often to be found in Massachusetts post offices, who was soon busy explaining to me his devotion to the Maoist cause. I asked him if he could produce what he considered the finest sample of the Little Red Book's wisdom. He quoted a verset of such improbable platitude and pompous, commonplace, truistic character that I was gripped by sudden fright. Are we slowly being engulfed by a monumental failure of common sense? And which is worse—to drown in an ocean of brutishness and cruelty or to be swept away by sanctified, institutionalized imbecility? There came to mind an Israeli gentleman who once said to me, "Adoni, a stupidity that is successful ends by being accepted as great wisdom."

HATE ME OR LEAVE ME

"I HATE America," my hostess said while taking a bite of duckling to assure herself that it was properly crisp and tender. "America is a combination of insidiousness and churlishness." She sipped a bit of wine with careful attention, prepared for whatever nasty surprises a bottle of Pauillac (good year) may conceal. "Life is no longer possible here, under the inhuman pressure of mammoth corporate structures." She was good-looking, well groomed, and in her middle years, and had been several times married, each time to someone wealthier than his predecessor. "The heavy atmosphere of fiendishly well-organized repression here suffocates your individuality," she continued, with persuasive certitude. "Even if one seeks to be peaceful and

impartial, one is gripped by a compulsion to fight against this blight, to revolt, to change it. The only hope is those poor, oppressed kids at the universities, who know so well what they want and how to want it."

I felt an influx of sympathy and compassion, much increased by her flawless complexion. "And what about leaving the United States?" I said, looking for a solution. "Maybe life somewhere else would give you a sense of meaningful existence?"

"Never," she said firmly. "This is my country. I hate it, but I also hate to hate it, which is very optimistic and good of me. I find a lot of comfort in my positive, constructive hatred."

"Of course," I said. "It may even be turned into a successful state of mind—at least from the financial point of view. There are several essayists and playwrights who make an excellent living exhibiting their hatred and contempt for America in print and by word of mouth. They call it bold, constructive criticism. The greater their hate and scorn, the larger their American readership and their theatre audiences. I wonder how they reconcile their bottomless disdain with their earnings. Spitting on America has proved to be the best way for a foreign artist in this country to acquire a substantial income. The most undeserved insults sell best."

"That goes with our tradition," she said thoughtfully. "America is ludicrously provincial, and people in the provinces are too hypocritical to admit to the faults in their institutions. Hence only people from the outside tell them the truth."

"But how do the haters see the truth from the Himalayas of their uppish pseudo-intellectual disgust and when they are blinded by hatred?" I said. "Besides, the provincial people's readiness to pay for it seems to me quite worldly."

"And what *should* we do with all the money?" she said. "There is enough of it going to all those fake anti-Communist organizations. We are smothered by our inability to counteract them—which only confirms our oppressors' hideous cleverness."

"You're admirable," I said. "I shall never grasp how it happens that modest, overworked, badly dressed underdogs adore this country and people who receive everything from it hate it."

"Very simple," she said. "We who hate it are sensitive. Radicalism—that is sensitivity."

"Too simple," I said. "Radicalism—

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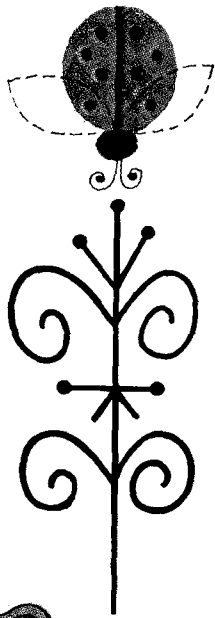
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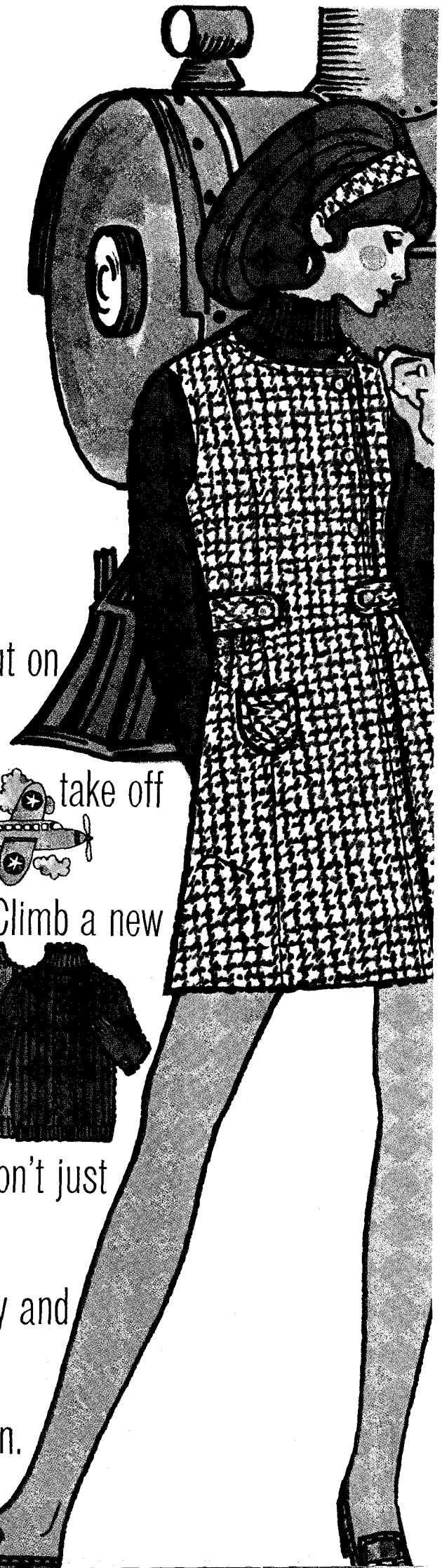
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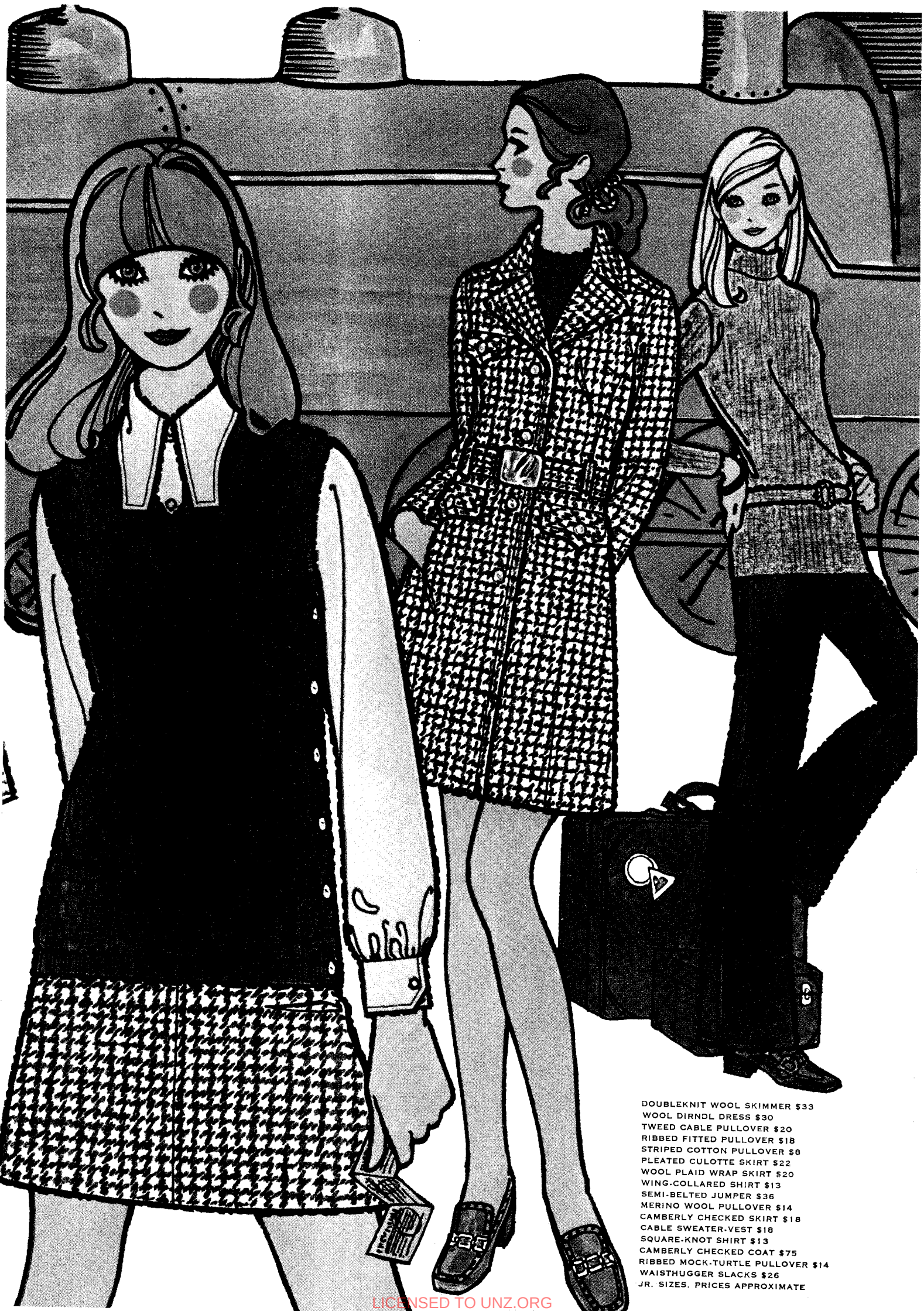


all is to go somewhere. Put on
your Ladybug things and take off
for all over. Climb a new

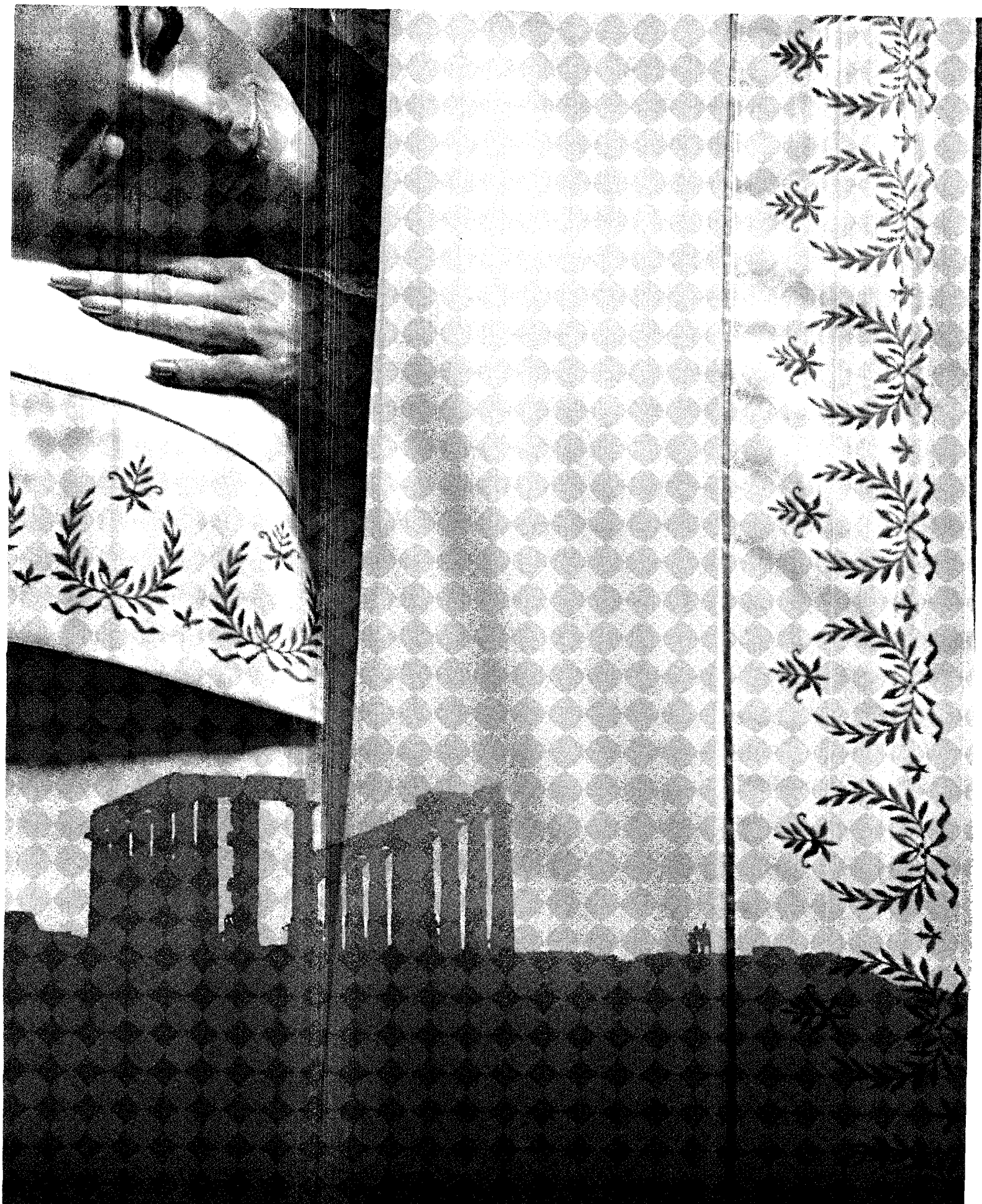
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that is a very complex, psychologically inexplicable inability to concede the justice of someone else's reasoning, to agree with him even if his argument is based on objective truth. In my opinion, you live in the United States because American democracy constitutes *a better reality in every respect* than any other sociopolitical reality in today's world, including Russian, Cuban, and Chinese Communism."

"Nonsense," she retorted.

"Oh, no." I smiled. "Being an America-hater, you are by nature incapable of admitting that America can be better than something else in any respect. It's incompatible with your innermost beliefs. But for me intellectual superstition is the worst of all prejudices. Capitalism appears to be one of the most thoroughly discredited words in the modern vocabulary; nevertheless, there is no denying that after one century of experience it has proved to be better than Socialism. I know that the statement may only provoke shrugs, yet capitalism has turned out to be more flexible and more likely to change according to life's spiritual and material needs, claims, and demands than Socialism as we know it in its various contemporary versions. Moreover—what seems to me decisive—capitalism is transformed faster in practice than Socialism is even in theory, and this circumstance may turn out to be lethal for the latter. You can hate capitalism and America—such an attitude may contain, I admit, a dash of provocative charm—but I'm afraid the facts are against you."

In spite of all my positive efforts, which were wholly detached from politics and dialectic, I have never been able to dine with this lady again.

A STATEMENT

I DO not think that American society is sound, well functioning, law-abiding, and moral, offering equal opportunities to all. But it is probably the only society with galactic problems that tries hard to be so. And certainly the only one that scores some points in this game.

KREMLINOLOGISTS

AMERICAN universities are full of American scientists who are devoting their lives to scrutinizing, analyzing, and evaluating Communism, its history, its exploits, its accomplishments, its failures. I was recently asked what I think of these scientists.

"They are terrific," I answered. "Their research ability and their theoretical knowledge are imposing. They

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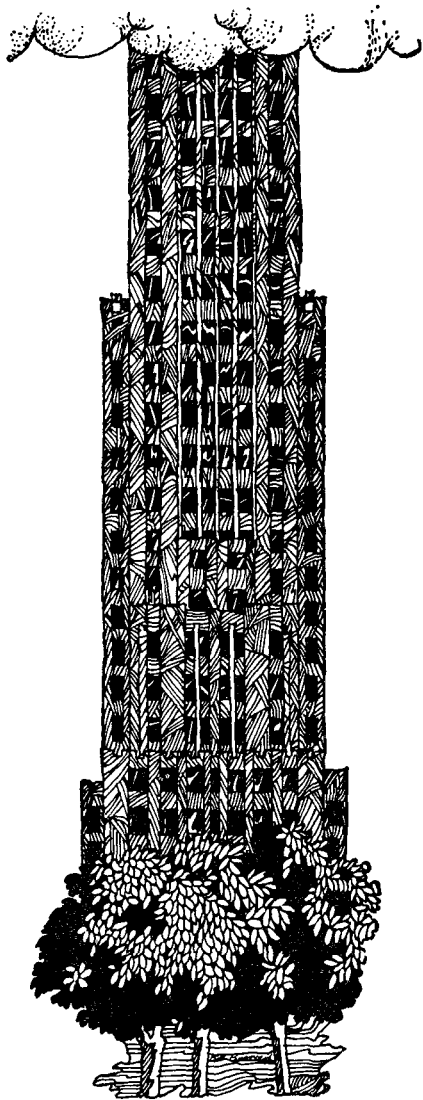


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seem to know everything. However, to me it seems that much of their tremendous effort will go to waste."

"What do you mean?"

"You see, they know virtually everything about hog raising, for instance. They've collected dramatic statistics, mastered, with tantalizing precision, all existing information about the quality and characteristics of pork. They have data on Communist pigs that people in Eastern Europe do not have. But the people there know one thing that the Kremlinologists remain totally ignorant of; namely, how to find and buy a slice of ham."

CREDO

I HAVE decided to defend America against itself. According to a lasting tradition, the American intellectual élite is America's severest critic, prosecutor, and scoffer. And this very fact is one of the mightiest sources of America's social and cultural vitality, for, in general, intellectual ferment constitutes a priceless element of renewal and progress. America's defender remains the simple man in the street, emotionally confused and rationally inept, lowbrow in his ambitions and predilections, unable to cope with complexities, helpless before the formidable dialectical challenge. Someone has to help him. What a tremendous task! The chore is immense, but so is the prospect of success.

VOLCANOLOGY

PEOPLE who discuss social revolution in America generally do not take into account the obvious fact that, in one way or another, social revolution has been a constant factor in American reality since the nation began. It has never stopped—has only turned, with time, into a revolution on the installment plan, which is what all evolution is. Short periods of relative peacefulness are interrupted by some sort of unrest, whose regular appearance gives life here a certain insouciance about things that could easily bring any other country to the brink of bottomless failure. For someone who doesn't understand this phenomenon, volcanology might be a valuable study. It has found that the most disastrous eruptions are those of somnolent, supposedly inactive volcanoes. The active ones present little danger, and generate geysers that are useful in healing rheumatism.

THE HOLY PARADOX OF OUR TIME

UTTERLY exasperated by my primitive, stubborn refusal to approve either the ends or the methods of

today's American revolutionaries, a charming and intelligent lady of the leftist persuasion said, "We fully understand and sympathize with the upheavals behind the Iron Curtain. We feel total empathy with the protest, the resistance, the insurgence against Communist tyranny. Our hearts, our best wishes, and our sense of justice are ardently with the Czech and Polish students, the Russian intellectuals, and all those persecuted and oppressed in the Red empire. Consequently, it is incomprehensible to me why someone like you, who comes from over there, doesn't *want* to understand us—our idealism and our revolution, our goals and our struggle to attain them."

"Madam, the expression in your eyes seems to me incomparable," I said. "I do not even try to look for a metaphor. Also, your way of using your fork and knife appears to me exquisite beyond comparison."

This brutal deviation from the subject was my sole means of escape. The lady was a complete human being except for one marginal trait: she didn't know how to respect her freedom. She would repeat, "But we want to enlarge our freedom, improve it." Unfortunately, this noble intention was to be realized, in her opinion, by ostracizing and slandering all those who happened to think in a different way. How could my arguments reach her power of reason? Today's American revolutionaries are the offspring of a civilization that firmly believes that almost everything should be permitted, because limitation equals the impoverishment or the repression of human rights. The present Eastern European and Russian revolutionaries are rebelling against a civilization built upon the principle that almost nothing should be permitted, because confinement enriches a human being and shapes him to a theoretically prescribed ideal. The two civilizations may be equally wrong, but within the Communist one the forces of opposition rise, logically, against a system that makes opposition impossible, whereas their Western counterparts revolt against a system that enables them to revolt. The first lose their lives or sacrifice their personal freedom in an effort to obtain what the second despise, trample on, and want to get rid of without bearing the consequences of their actions. The first yearn desperately for a sociopolitical arrangement that will assure their basic human dignity, whereas the second, having such an arrangement, are in the grip of an inexplicable obsession to destroy it and fall into a limbo of masochistic humiliation, in

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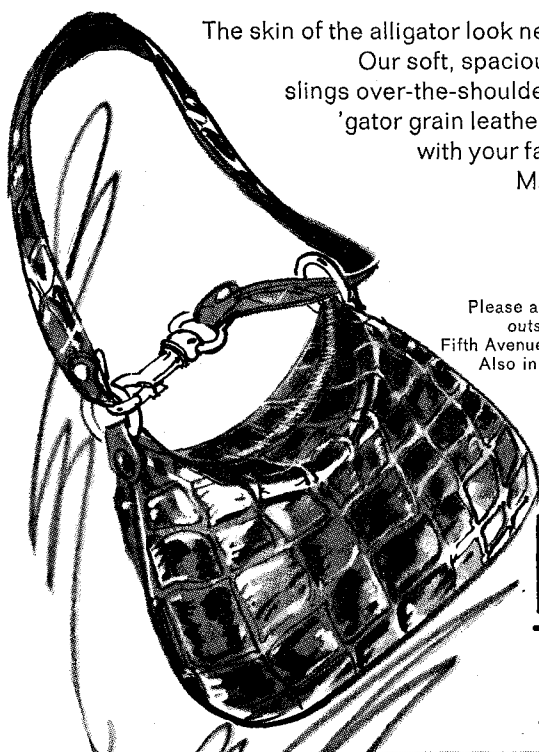


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which they expect to find new human values.

My refined lady with the brilliant mind argued, "It's natural that the Russians and the Czechs should want to achieve what we have achieved in the way of fundamental liberties, and the output and distribution of goods, but *we* have to *move ahead*. We have arrived at a point where freedom is no longer freedom; therefore, we have to blow up the obstacles to new achievements." This is dialectical gabble, idealistic but also simplistic. The lady speaks from the point of view of one who has always been free and thus has no idea at all what the lack of freedom means. It is like discussing colors with a person born blind. She doesn't know and will never know that freedom is indivisible—that it has no shades or degrees but, rather, a oneness that determines its existence. It is or it is not; any attempt to modify that fundamental dichotomy deprives us of it. The lady and her fellow-revolutionaries ignore—or, at least, want to ignore—Giambattista Vico and his lessons of history: its circular principle, its spiral progress, and the simple fact that in sociopolitical relations no vacuum is possible. This is to say that whenever freedom regresses, subjugation and oppression follow. We may still be able to discover new chemical elements, construct an artificial cell, transplant organs, and erect a skyscraper on the planet Venus, but it is more than doubtful whether we can ever blend freedom and lack of freedom into one genuine moral value. This is the little holy paradox of our time, and I have never cared to ponder it at the dinner table.

But maybe I'm wrong. Maybe improvement is an idea of a higher order than liberty. When I came to this country, I thought New York buses a marvel. Now, after three years, I think them overheated in winter, insufficiently air-conditioned in summer, and moronically scheduled. When I wait for a First Avenue bus for half an hour and then four of them arrive together, in a row, I'm ready to march on City Hall and execute no matter whom. In Communist Poland, in an analogous situation, I was more than happy if a bus arrived at all.

TOYING WITH NOTIONS

YOUTH, which a few years ago appeared on the national scene as a new social class, building its own civilization, culture, ethics, and aesthetic, derives its ideology from the assumption that only newly created values

and criteria are valid, *de rigueur*, and worthy of being projected into the future. Benefitting from the education and erudition provided by its elders, youth formulates its thesis out of contempt for the past, and especially for what have been regarded as the timeless imponderabilia that constitute the intellectual treasure and emotional muscle of all who are not in the category of youth. Thus, avoiding conflict is next to impossible. The conflict is unusually acrimonious not because the two sides don't try to understand each other but because—maybe for the first time in history—they're actually unable to understand each other. Being loyal to my generation, I feel fully justified in accusing young people unilaterally. They are guilty, not we. Their current catchword is improvement, but they do not really want improvement; they want us to concede that they invented improvement as a concept. Which is not true. From the dawn of mankind, *Homo* mastered the device of improvement, in the cognitive as well as in the empirical sense. During his stay on this planet, he has improved plenty of things around him, and even a few things in him. My generation has been as busy improving as any other, and we will never agree to let ourselves be deprived of what we feel is the content of our lives. What keeps the current young generation so blessedly innocent as to be able to claim the invention of something that has always existed?

IGNORANCE AND TABOOS

PEOPLE used to say, "The young are always right; time and history prove that. They represent the inevitable future and are the annointed heralds of an inevitable truth." These assertions are false. If only we dare doubt them, they turn from the axiomatic into the absurd. Youth is sometimes right and sometimes wrong, and history is filled with facts that prove it. One has only to study the history. The nonsensical belief that youth has a special mission to fulfill and is endowed with exceptional perceptiveness stems from the period of *Sturm-und-Drang*, Johann Gottlieb Fichte, German Romanticism, and its philosophy, which in the end led to Nazism.

Producing taboos out of ignorance is as old as limestone, but neither the producers nor the helplessly worshipping customers are able to admit it, and they stubbornly proclaim each current shibboleth the last word in the human spirit of innovation and progress. Of late, the most oppressive taboo, apol-



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ogetically idolized by many, has been that nothing should not be permitted. If everything is to be permitted, then the most rational and justified prohibition turns into an abuse that distorts human character and condones resistance. Art and theatre critics are, in our epoch, unusually busy fabricating and defending some of the most ludicrous taboos. They claim, for instance, that everything is permitted in terms of content and form, and then they wonder why everything around them seems to be so trashy. Having no real value to praise, they elevate artful gimmicks to their pantheon, and, blundering in the maze of their own errors, they have no choice but to mystify orders and qualities. Which is nothing but tinkering with taboos.

THE WORLD AND CHANGE

DOES the world change? Certainly. But it changes less than it does not change. Even if it is pushed by force. Youth, which judges by appearances, takes pushing for change itself, and therefore believes the reverse to be true. It has always been this way—which proves the limited potency of change.

AMERICA AND CHANGE

THE catchword "change" has lately acquired a mystical significance. I think we have reached the point at which America, having always been prone to rapid change, has to worry more about what to preserve and protect than about what to change. From its beginning, America has traditionally taken pride in its constant swift replacement of commodities and values with newer commodities and values. This swiftness has sometimes been quite embarrassing, for it has shown up a few things that the young American civilization tends to forget—that aging is *not* an ultimate negative, that things and concepts have a strange facility for reappearing on life's scene, and that the accumulation of time may turn out to be of enormous value in the spiritual as well as in the material sense. The American way of disintegrating things is so fast that the disintegration of substances brings with it an infinitely more dangerous disintegration of values. The culture of the last two hundred years has been permeated with a popular unwillingness to admit that preserved values and cultural motifs are more powerfully creative than elements of change. Honest research

could rectify many such mistaken judgments.

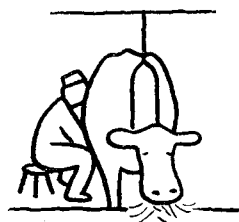
To me, the endless search for the new seems somehow vulgar, but this is a strictly personal view. I have always preferred an old chair, an old overcoat, an old church, and a well-tested principle to new ones. I wonder why people who ceaselessly want something new don't see "new" as I do—as a concept from the realm of toys. The pyramids and the computer, printing and the H-bomb are mankind's toys, some of them dangerous or actually lethal. In spite of their superb complexity and their marvellous accomplishments, they have proved unable to remove from our shoulders even the lightest burden of disappointment. The struggle with passing time seems to me one of the most admirable features of humanness. An effort to overcome time and remain useful, beautiful, wise becomes a glory and a pride.

ETERNITIES

WALKING, I passed a swelling group, young and excited, that was apparently trying to transform itself into a demonstration. Placards were being hastily produced and arranged. Covered with familiar nouns and verbs, they had about them an arrogant, belligerent multivocality, surely as instrumental in dividing people as in bringing them together. A couple attracted my attention; they were a classic embodiment of the ideas being promoted—painted and tattooed, decorated with all sorts of beads, dressed in a mixture of pseudo-Oriental modes with aggressive Cuban-Bolshevik over-

tones. Both were pale and by no means well scrubbed, and appeared exhausted, whether from starvation or ideology. She carried a baby in her arms. The infant, dismayed by the crowd, started to scream.

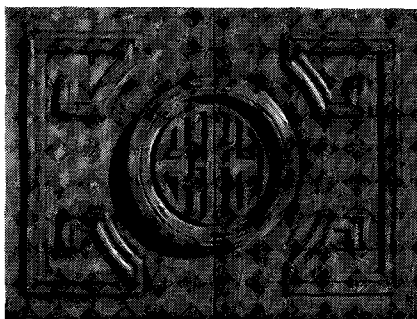
The girl tried to calm it with gentle words and hugging—unsuccessfully. Then she began lulling it. This was the same lulling movement of the female body that my mother used to apply to me, and that my grandmother surely applied to my mother, and that Eve probably used when she wanted to appease the exasperated Cain. I felt a little embarrassed. I hadn't thought about it before but, I suppose, had taken it for granted that the rebels would consider it beneath them to use such a traditional method. Now my ever-present anxiety about mankind's future was dissipating. How wonderful, I thought, if someone—let's say, a Su-



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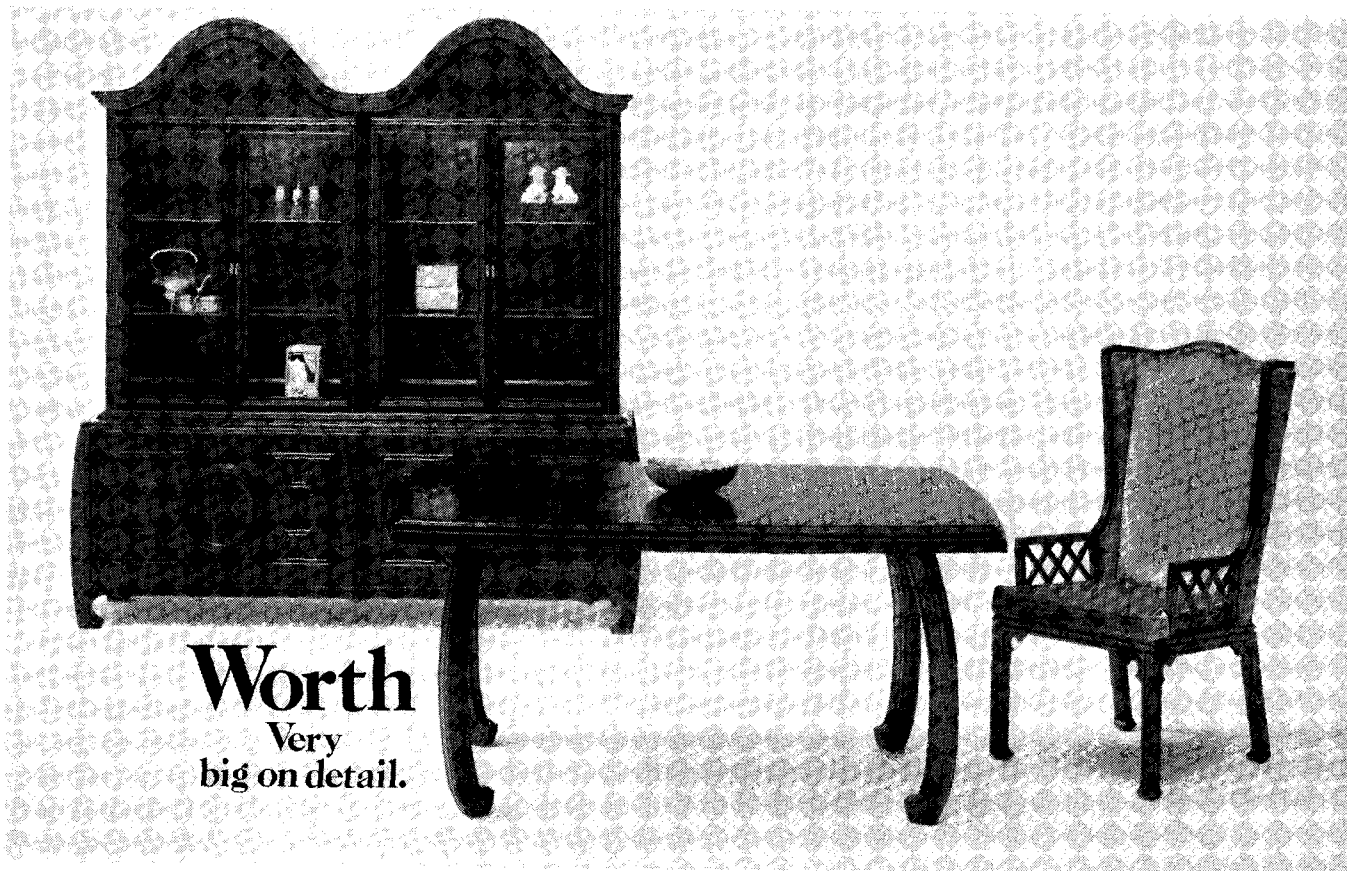


But what you can't see is equally important. Like the hidden casters our heavy pieces are mounted on. And such elegant touches as velvet lined jewelry and silver trays. Nor can you see things like the extra screws we

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preme Intelligence—could take the whole group on His lap and cuddle them fondly. Maybe that is what they really need.

COMPLEXITIES OF TRANSPORTATION

IF someone boarded an airy, convenient, and punctual bus on which we were being comfortably transported, and started having words with the driver, accusing him of feloniously lacking a bed of daffodils in the middle of the vehicle, we would be legitimately vexed. We would properly consider the person annoying and a little out of his mind. If some student demands at the universities have adequate logic and real value, some of them are as illogical as the daffodils, yet many people solemnly ruminate on them and are uncertain what to say or do about them. The students often claim that the bus is in fact not perfect and might be substantially bettered—which is true, for in the nature of things even the best existing bus can give way to a still better one. It's doubtful, however, whether blocking the aisle by planting some charming flowers there would enhance the quality of the bus, which, after all, is quite easily distinguishable from a garden. And a university, as someone has pointed out, is a place where those who know less come to get something from those who know more, and there is little chance of replacing this truth, however banal and unattractive, with something more appealing. Today, students want to determine what it is they should know. How they know what it is they should know, being unknowledgeable seekers of knowledge, is a mystery. Discussing it brings all of us to the stage of toddling.

A FANTASY

THE tendency toward pervasiveness in American life is so immense that it often results in corrupting Evil (with all due reservations about the relativity of badness). The purchase by super-square executives in Madison Avenue shops of beads and amulets that were initially conceived as exorcistic equipment to be used against them, and the sporting of these objects at their suburban dinner parties, is only one example that stimulates reflection. This ambivalent power of corruption opens perspectives that seem to endow the American civilization with a messianic thrust. We can duly assume that in a short time even the most righteous and highly principled anti-capitalist revolution would here become an inexhaustible source of income and the basis for a healthy buildup of investment and in-



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dustrial output. Let's take, for instance, barricades. Couldn't they be prepared in advance, in an appropriate number of sizes, styles, shapes, versions—the instant, the prefabricated, the frozen, and the do-it-yourself kind (with French, Spanish, Congolese, or Indonesian ornamentation), in individual and family sizes, just for couples, and for larger assemblages? Not to mention Molotov cocktails with factional New Left mix, modish rebel caps from all epochs...

PURE AMERICANA

NEITHER the cowboy hat nor the hot-dog stand nor "In the Chapel in the Moonlight" represents the purely American phenomenon of today, but, rather, social Dadaism—a radical movement without any popular roots, a new snobbery as a historical force. Dadaistic political sermons make up the folklore of this country. Everyone refers to the American people, but what is the American people? A people of wealthy workers? The American working class—or, more classically, the proletariat—turned, in the last two decades, into a classic middle class? It now constitutes the only middle class in history that cannot be reproached for *not* being a proletariat. According to the holy Marxist dogma, it is dispossessed of the means of production; however, its countless members own stocks. What a fine field for the interplay of all kinds of snobbery, misplaced allegiances, biassed hatreds, and ridiculous adulation!

AMERICAN CENTURY

VOICES are to be heard sounding a despondent note concerning America's disappointing historical performance and consequent decline. America-haters, both outside and inside the country, outdo one another in making gloomy predictions and preaching America's inevitable failure. One of them, a distinguished Briton, has said, not without *Schadenfreude*, "This is not going to be the American century. Very few people are enamored of the American way of life." The gentleman is perfectly right in expressing doubt about the future. This need not be said to be *going* to be an American century, because it already *is* one, and has been almost from its beginning. It became American not through cohorts and legions, not through anything that rules the waves, not through the exporting of a homemade revolution but through its glorious share in the two most important wars of liberation that mankind has experienced, and its unheard-of position, in both, as the prin-

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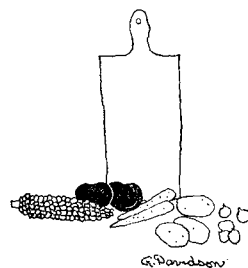
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cial winner who did not annex one single inch of the soil of its defeated foes. Neither tanks and cannon and a constant readiness to use them nor an unlimited, never-before-seen economic magnitude is what denotes an American century, but, rather, an unprecedented civilizational influence upon the rest of humanity. Hence the gentleman's grave error. To check how wrong he is, he has but to look around his native England and recognize how thoroughly Americanized it has grown during the last twenty-five years—how many American words have become indispensable to his native language, how many people from London, Glasgow, and Dublin have opted for the American way of life. The objection that they make this choice merely because America is richer and pays better wages has no validity, for if one country is more affluent than another and provides better rewards to those who work for it, this testifies to a superiority that, if it was not achieved by conquest, must have stemmed from the skills and the quality of its people and from its institutions. However, resourcefulness and industriousness cannot explain the evident fact that there exist few places on this planet where little boys do not play cowboys and bigger boys do not sing rock and roll, where the word "Hollywood" has never been pronounced or "Star Dust" hummed or the New York skyline seen either on the screen or in illustrations. No one forces humanity to watch American movies, listen to American music, dance American dances, read American books, and wear American clothes. Nevertheless, all over the world these products of American civilization are best-selling items. If the gentleman were only aware of the piety with which some Europeans today listen to a ragtime tune totally forgotten in America, of how well acquainted they are with American history, of the fanatical curiosity with which they leaf through old American illustrated magazines, he would probably understand what the phrase "American century" means. In the Communist empire, as a matter of fact, people are persecuted for their craving for Americanism, and the persecution only intensifies the craving, endows everything American with greater magic, and gives names like Max Factor, Coca-Cola, and William Faulkner more content than the names of Lenin, Socialism, and Sholokhov.

Charlie Chaplin's California and Gary Cooper's Wild West have become the world's most romantic landscapes for several generations on five continents, and countless millions have melted in tears at the end of "West Side Story," although no one sheds tears anymore on reaching the end of "Romeo and Juliet." As M. de Talleyrand once said, "I do not say it is good, I do not say it is bad, I say it is the way it is."

For me, the idea of an American century has a deeper meaning. We are now witnessing a strange exodus



from Communist-dominated Eastern Europe. People are fleeing, inconspicuously but in very large numbers, from martyred Czechoslovakia; from Poland, held in a neo-Nazi grip; from lethargic Hungary. Many of them might do better on several continents that

are ready to provide them with material opportunities infinitely superior to the daily hardship of American competition. Nevertheless, the most coveted prize in life's lottery is free entry into the United States. One can find among the arrivals from Eastern Europe political rascals who have devoted the past twenty-five years to besmirching America and its institutions, to lying about this country, to slandering it according to the most insolent and obscurantist Communist gospel. Yet it is here that they seek refuge. This act of providing enemies with shelter shines through the moral darkness enveloping our epoch and does more than anything else to bestow on it the title "American."

CONFESSION

WHEN I was young, I hated oppressors, persecutors, and invaders. With the years, hatred turned into melancholy scorn. Today, I find it difficult to hate anything. Except conformism disguised as nonconformism.

ON PERSONAL SYMPATHIES

"WHY don't you openly admit that you don't like revolutionaries?" a young radical student asked me.

"Certainly I don't like them," I said. "Indeed, human experience, accumulated through centuries, teaches us that the more ardent a revolutionary is, the more easily he turns into a ruthless self-appointed policeman. Policemen have to be hired, because only hired ones can be fired. Some time ago, I saw one of those superbly shallow

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French movies that pretend to know everything with not one single streak of incertitude. The film was a compilation of diverse emotions, psychological reactions, and actual events in the life of an aging Spanish revolutionary in exile. He was the embodiment of the ethical norms of the world's New Left, of its psychological penchants, its gustos, longings, predilections, and snobberies—he represented its arch-model, its ideal, its apotheosis. The man was handsome, well dressed, exhausted (he had fought against Fascism), frustrated (he hadn't defeated it), embittered, and contemptuous; he had sexual intercourse during the movie with two ladies, substantially different in appearance and age, and, more important, he continued to carry on an underground fight against Franco—an activity that he found virtuous and just as exciting. For me, however, the movie was cluttered with my mental follow-ups, because I could so easily imagine what would eventually become of the protagonist even if he were victorious. I saw too many of his kin in Eastern Europe—also Spanish Communist revolutionaries. With astounding facility, they skipped from their romantic barricades to the most callous and bloodthirsty secret-police activity, and their romantic countenances changed into the cruel visages of henchmen hunting and torturing those who were at odds with their Communist revolution. In hoary Europe, we have encountered at first hand some political peculiarities that young Americans seem unable even to guess at. For example, the perennial partnership between all the New Leftists in history and the perpetual Old Totalitarians. When the extreme right wins, many leftist intellectuals miraculously transform themselves into its faithful servants, becoming fascinated by victorious brute strength and taking neurotic delight in their self-abasement. When the extreme left wins, the rightist thugs form its muscle, enlisting in large numbers in the political police."

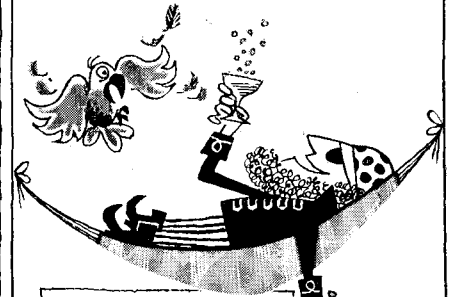
"It has been a long time since I heard an argument so clearly based on personal prejudice," the young student said.

"I know," I said, sighing. "No one finds it convincing except those who have seen revolutionaries *after* the revolution."

A PRETENDED WORD FROM W. S.

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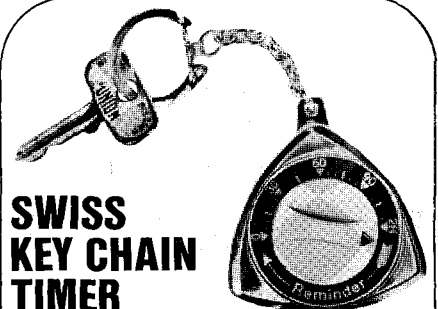
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OUR POOR, VICTIMIZED EGO

THERE is a universal outcry about our lost identity. We seem to be submerged in a sociocosmic catastrophe of alienation, anonymity, and loss of personal features. We are sentenced to dissolve in an apocalyptic, mystical entity called, inventively, "the nameless, faceless crowd." The destiny of today's man is to be on the sidelines, tossing acclaim to others. As an American writer put it not long ago, he's got to be a fan. The depersonalized world of our time generates in its womb a giant revolution against depersonalization.

A few questions arise. When was man's identity a social, economic, political, or historical issue? Whenever the world wasn't filled with anonymous creatures standing facelessly along the paths of history and, according to circumstances, booing or cheering the others. Since its dawn, mankind has been composed of namelessness, idleness, and an effort to overcome both—with its elemental, single, anonymous, humble component timelessly and devouringly watching either the gladiators or the Popes or TV. The point is that the component himself has not always felt nameless or devoid of identity, as some maintain he feels now. And if he does, I doubt whether it's only TV that is to blame.

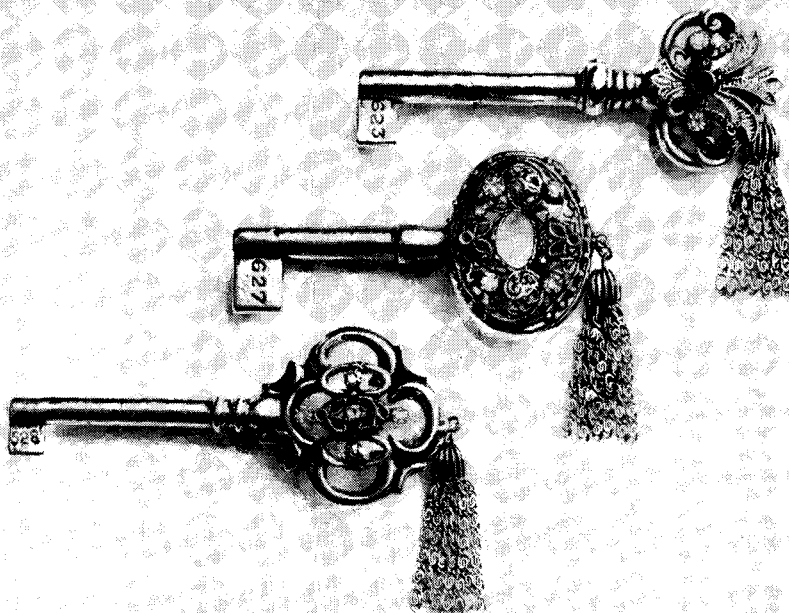
GUILT

A SOCIOLOGY professor told me the following story: "When researching in Brooklyn, I came across and interviewed an old man in the vicinity of Bedford Avenue. He was a Chassidic Jew who had survived Hitler's concentration camp and had come here after the last war. He said to me, 'My son, a student, arrives home each evening from his college and begins a discussion with me. He challenges my spiritual peacefulness. He bids for my penitence—a fact that appears to me totally incomprehensible. He calls on me to feel guilty for the Negro plight of the last four centuries. I answer him that I understand very well how horrible this plight was, because my whole family was bestially murdered and I myself was forced to sleep in excrement and deprived of the rest of humanness by my torturers. He says that this is the past and has no more

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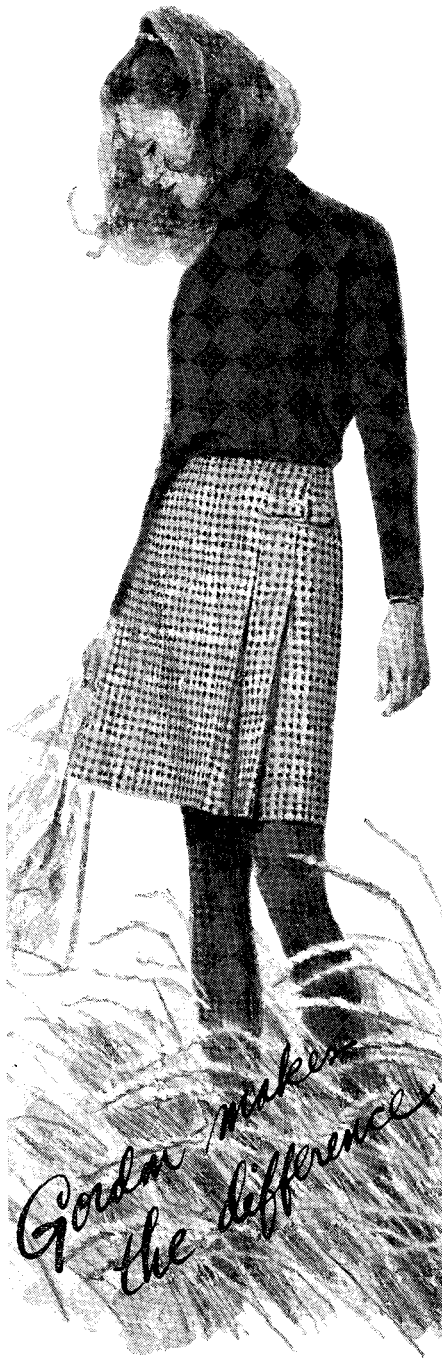
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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

significance today. Then I say that I can't have any feeling of guilt for something that neither I nor any of my ancestors from Byelorussia had taken part in. He says that I am a wanton adherent of the military-industrial complex. If he has in mind General Patton and his troops, who liberated people from Dachau and Buchenwald, I must proudly admit that I am. . . ."

THE SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY OF THE AMERICAN PRESS

WE face now a more dangerous issue than that of the college students' rebellion. It's the high-school revolt. The lower we descend, the more complicated, brittle, and perilous are the elements that emerge, as the margin of rationality in the approach to responsibility shrinks. The natural belligerence, boisterousness, and rambunctiousness of high-school-age youth lead, with the addition of pseudo-politico-ideological argument and overtones, to a nightmarish buffoonery, and end with petty tragedies of mugged and knifed teachers. The role that the American information media play in this phenomenon is quite hideous. The so-called objective exposure becomes a display of staggering mindlessness. The *Times*, that bastion of American journalistic seriousness and correctness, carried a story about a high-school militant whose political enunciations indicated an acute mental disorder. The headline over the story: "— IS ORGANIZING A REVOLUTION AGAINST AMERICAN SOCIETY WITH THE SKILL OF A LITTLE LENIN." If this is what is meant by responsibility for the word, and a mature recognition of its consequences, I shudder to think what irresponsibility may be.

THE PRINCETON TALES

NOT long ago, in Princeton—the site of a famous university—Americans convoked a strange gathering. A group of scholars invited scientists and intellectuals from all over the world to come and express themselves about America—its drawbacks, its limitations, its errors, its backwardness, its ineptitude in handling everything from world politics to cuisine. The invited Frenchmen, Englishmen, Greeks, and Eastern Europeans naturally accepted the invitation with alacrity—especially since they got free air tickets and luxurious accommodations and board—and started to pour buckets of hogwash on America with such eagerness that it aroused some doubts even among the courteous, attentive Americans, who

wanted to learn something through their European colleagues' supposed knowledgeable impartiality and objectivity. One American remarked that perhaps it would have been fitting if the representatives of nations that had initiated two world wars, had built up and lost huge empires, and had been unable to manage their own economies had shown a little more restraint and modesty in criticizing and condemning. But this mild reflection only increased the scoffers' fervor. If someone in Communist Eastern Europe suggested a similar convocation, he would be put in jail for life. The French and the British would probably execute anyone who dared call into question their all-encompassing superiority and at the same time claim free meals and hotel accommodations. But in America the superstitious esteem for everything foreign has deep roots. The tradition derives from a nostalgic idealization of "the old country," where everything was better except personal poverty, or oppression. It is fully reflected in American literature and, later, in the movies, where an Eastern sage, a Russian maestro, an English aristocrat, a Hungarian violinist, an Austrian doctor, a German scientist, and a French perfumer were regarded a priori as commanding a pious reverence; their superiority constituted a dogma. I know of a professor from Eastern Europe with great financial nerve who has invented a simple but lucrative gimmick: He tells his students that everything within his discipline is better in Europe than in America. The American universities pay him large amounts of money for his keen insight into the matter.

THE PROFUNDITIES OF FASHION

IN the youthful mind, the political consciousness is hopelessly intertwined with a feeling for fashion. Whole generations feel leftist or rightist because of the vicissitudes of vogue. Leaving aside the political fortunes of the black people in the South and the social fortunes of the blacks elsewhere in the country, hardly anyone could be termed politically oppressed, or repressed, in today's America—the young least of all. But it is extremely fashionable to *feel* politically oppressed. And if a sizable segment of a society thinks itself oppressed, a new reality is created, in which, though no fact of oppression exists, feelings of oppression do exist, and bloom. Popular fashion magazines come closest to sociocognitive discovery when they present models wearing groovy and comfortable dresses

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CLOTHING AND REVOLUTION

IN a society in which the pre-revolution revolutionaries proudly dress as revolutionaries, the need for revolution appears questionable.

AMERICAN ANTI-DREAM

CAN America be ugly? Of course. There are more than enough city blocks and other features of existence to prove the hideous, degrading possibilities of the American way of life.

Can American democracy be inhuman and oppressive?

Of course. One has only to peer into some Northern slums and Southern counties; the infamy of all man's subjugations is there, blatantly epitomized.

Can the American social structure be repressive, anti-progressive, and destructive?

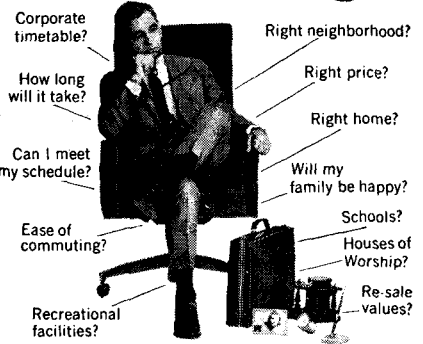
Of course. De Tocqueville wrote about the ignominious tyranny of majority opinion, which can have the persecutive power of the Holy Inquisition.

Dissent and rebellion against these elements of Americanism have always been the nature and marrow of Americanism. They were and are deeply ingrained in the American consciousness. A mechanism whose purpose it is to warrant an unhindered defiance is peculiarly American; its intrinsic, privileged presence in American social and political institutions remains the cornerstone of their efficiency. The flexibility and extensibility of this mechanism is infinite—a fact that makes many young Americans think that its total destruction may be the proper solution. They underestimate its absorptive force and its skill at self-preservation. They also ignore the fact that they would become the first victims of its failure.

Today's young are no more and no less American than the prior generations. Americans are always seized by a strange awkwardness in handling their own brand of idealism. They liberate and feed other nations, which subsequently stone American embassies and libraries for not knowing how to be free or to nourish themselves. Idealisms are transmuted according to fleeting imponderables of history, and the current generation of Americans is trying to mold a new idealism, imbue it with living content, and make it superior to any earlier one. This is a beautiful attempt, notwithstanding its susceptibility to the same fate as every such attempt before it. A new sensitivity

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ty or intensity of emotion is always welcome, but it has to be protected against certain hypocritical smart clichés that can readily abuse and devastate it. If the young manage to improve our social morality and consequent modes of behavior, they may produce the greatest revolution of our time. Let us not forget, however, that Marx, Lenin, and Guevara tried to do the same thing, with catastrophic results. The young do rebel against plenty of things worth rebelling against, plenty of things that deserve hatred and rejection. But, oddly, even those who observe them most benevolently are not convinced they are always right.

PROGRESS AND REVOLUTION

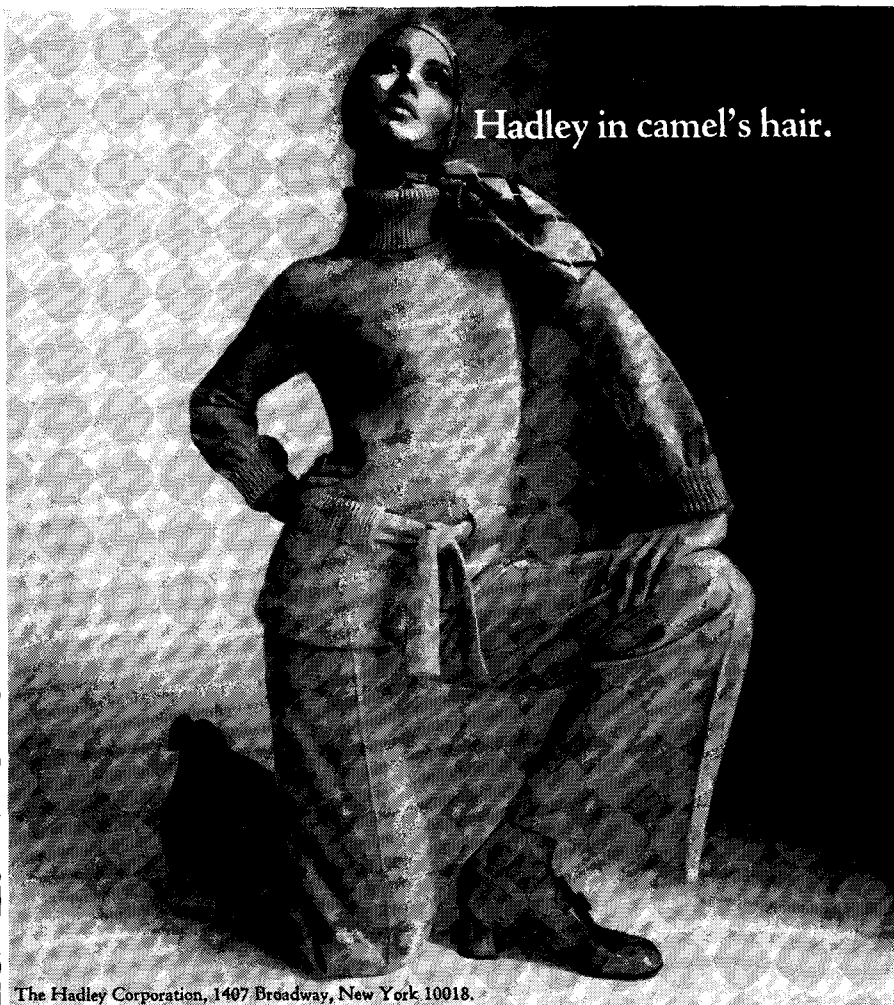
DOES revolution have an ingredient of progress and renewal?

I think so. Revolutions usually take place in lacklustre, shabby, worn-out settings—unhappy countries, overcrowded cities, rotten public edifices, slum neighborhoods—the decay (or ugliness or narrowness or cramped conditions) of which constitutes a legitimate reason for revolution. During the ensuing upheaval, the settings turn into shambles—or, at least, are sufficiently damaged to undergo extensive repair and painting once the revolution either is successfully suppressed or regrettably runs out of steam. I would call renovation a fair benefit of a revolution. This may be endangered only by the *victory* of the revolution. Under that condition, the shabbiness is meticulously preserved, to serve as evidence of the pre-revolutionary misery and hence as moral justification for having overthrown the system. Sometimes everything remains exactly as it was in the past but is declared better than before, with everyone being forced to repeat that such-and-such a house or street is bright and spacious, even though it is as filthy and cramped as it ever was.

THE NOSTALGIA OF WILTING IDEAS

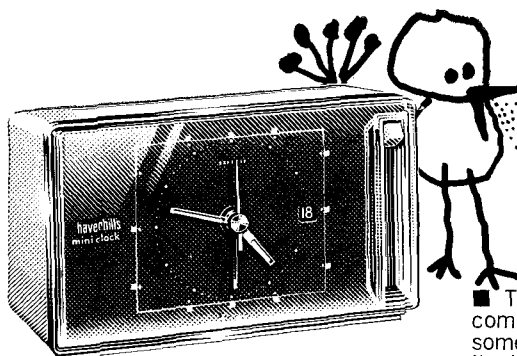
"ISN'T it frightening?" a concerned, law-abiding citizen said to me. "They are young, dynamic, rapacious. What can we do? We are helpless in the face of their voracious youth."

"I wouldn't say that," I replied. "Youth is their handicap and their weakness. History doesn't register any successful full-scale revolution of youth, by youth, and for youth. Revolutions have to be heterogeneous to succeed. It's impossible to make them without aged farmers and middle-aged housewives, and all kinds of people of all ages. Youth is too feeble a token to



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mobilize the forces necessary for an upheaval. Besides, time passes. A generation's revolution is always desperately vulnerable because of the generation's very transience. Before they know it, the revolutionaries will form a pathetic association of former worshippers of unfulfilled expectations."

ON COMMUNICATION

IF the medium is the message, we are hopelessly disconnected. Communication is out. Even an exchange of ideas fades away. Words and ideas and concepts have lost their common value. "Freedom," "happiness," "objectivity," "tolerance," "love," "sense," "purpose," "guilt"—among many others—mean something different to the young from what they do to us who are not young. The contention over lack of identity is typical. People who think anonymity not an individual and psychological problem but a social and political one, related to all sorts of administrative powers, might be from another galaxy. It becomes almost impossible to determine whether by saying "lack of identity" the young may not mean "lack of influence," or to determine whether "meaning" doesn't equal "dominating" and "prevailing" in their minds.

Not everything is lost, however. "Disease," "death," "impossibility," "defeat," and "frustration," strangely, have the same sense for us as for them. If some of them insist that we cannot communicate even on these matters, let's just wait a few years.

THE MALAISE OF THE VOID

THEY are poor and helpless, the young, and hence desperate. They have to rely on trivial shams that we have already had time to investigate and classify as trivial shams, if not as criminal blunders, and they will have to pay for their blind devotion to slogans and half truths sooner or later, as many have paid before them. They are filled with lofty emptiness, which they take for a new, unique, noble social conscience, and which is sparsely furnished with a few smug commonplaces prefabricated by the mass media and coated with modish pseudo-intellectual Day-Glo paint so that they can pretend to be Ideas and Concepts. The young can't afford to tolerate criticism of either their theory or their practice, nor can they afford to yield to suasion, for their mental equipment is haphazardly constructed on the basis of comic-strip and TV science. The paltriness of their argumentation makes them unusually strong and self-assured, like many oth-

ers who have focussed their lamentably limited imagination not on what Socialism, democracy, justice, or morality is but on what it *could* or *should* be. Some of them speak constantly of all-encompassing compassions and guilts but are frightfully devoid of personal feelings. I have never noticed any of them revealing, during their press-sponsored harangues, the tiniest torment of ambivalence; not one of them, apparently, has ever felt an impulse to mention that in spite of his parents' bourgeois hypocrisy and ugliness he can't help loving them. My generation was spared that malaise of the void, because of our agony over a just war that we had to carry on, and then the chore of building a free society. This society was flawed, as everything human is flawed, but at least it eliminated, in its larger segments, the risk of producing an undernourished youth, concerned only with making a living for a living's sake. It saved the youth of today from the abominations of opportunism—an act that eventually proved to be our unforgivable crime in youth's eyes.

LAW

THROUGH the ages, law has been the best deterrent against human licentiousness, or crime. Laws can be limitlessly improved, but it's doubtful whether the principle of law as the chief instrument of communal existence can be improved. In recent decades, America has been experimenting with the very notion of law, trying to replace it with a new sociopsychological approach. It has been a proud attempt to demonstrate that there is less injustice in America than anywhere else in the world. The results, however, have been rather meagre. Americans, in their vanity, tend to forget sometimes that there must be as much suffering and injustice in America as everywhere else, because it is the human condition that produces those things. The blame for which, of course, belongs not to America but to the human condition.

IDEOLOGY

THERE are people around us who proclaim revolution in a society in which the overwhelming majority is quite happy with—and, indeed, may even relish—the social status quo. They seem to forget the difference between a revolution and the *mise en scène* of a revolution. The latter requires just a bunch of passionate devotees and ambitious daredevils with a high-school education, and usually turns into a minor riot. The former must meet the de-

Kodak

Sara and her bacillus

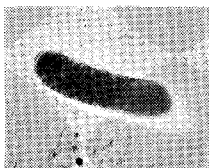


A great corporation selects its technical objectives, mobilizes its scientists, and presses inexorably forward on the strength of their magnificently disciplined, deftly harnessed brains. Yes, it does.

Except that sometimes a little outside

assistance is required.

Let us cite a typical triumph scored in the Kodak Research Laboratories. Though film and cameras have been around for a long time, photography manages to maintain its robust growth in the economy. That growth induces chemico-economic visions based on a certain chemical called "tris acid" by those familiar with it. It has been too expensive and too dangerous to make on the scale we need. No longer so. This bacillus, we now know, can manufacture it from pentaerythritol, a chemical compound not known to occur in nature but rather easily

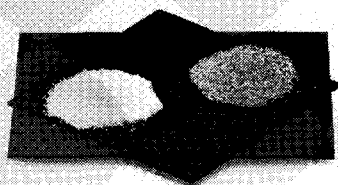


synthesized.

To find such a bacillus capable of eating this artificial stuff had been the tough task of our Dr. Charlie Goodhue and our Dr. Jim Schaeffer. Many months went by with no luck until Charlie thought to ask his 9-year-old daughter Sara to put on her boots and fetch a jar of mud from the little creek behind his house. That did it.

In Sara's jar was a bacillus that really did eat pentaerythritol. Charlie and Jim enslaved its descendants, who, being naturally highly prone to mutation, were taught in only a couple of years to chew pentaerythritol down only as far as tris acid and then give it all back, while subsisting on nothing but cheap acetic acid.

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mands and gain the approval and acceptance, conscious or unconscious, total or partial, of a large mass of people. If it does not, it swiftly changes from sublime loftiness into ugly slaughter. In a democracy, any preparation—both theoretical and actual—of a revolutionary stage setting is permitted and goes on in the open, whereas in a totalitarian state the revolutionaries-to-be are physically exterminated before they can assume their roles. But one should never confound a stage set—even a most expressive one—with real life. Every child who has been in a theatre even once gets a feeling for drama.

Any form of human awareness that is cut off from the cause-and-effect scheme is an inferior one. Many political movements of today appear to operate on the brainwashed, simplistic theory that it doesn't matter what existed before, what the reasons for action are, or what the results are going to be. Actually, the only legitimate reason for revolution, and its sole guarantee of success, is an inability of the existing social system to satisfy the needs of the social majority—either spiritual or material, or both. Any other conditions may justify only a putsch, or coup d'état, which in Western civilization traditionally exudes a bad smell. In spite of all its unprepossessing defects, the democratic capitalism of our century has revealed itself to be capable of satisfying not only material needs but also the whims of large segments of the population. Some accuse it of creating needs, but what's wrong with creating desires that in general are consistently satisfied? The democratic capitalism of our time means an enormous community that works to fulfill the needs of human beings. It is said that the greed for profit motivates its activities. What does that matter? The fulfilling of needs remains the only important thing. Watching this process in America, where it is carried on in a fascinating way, can become the purpose of one's life. Some scientists assert that the age of ideology is over, and there are certain signs that they are right. But meeting and fulfilling human needs still is an ideology. And how compelling it is to observe an ideology taking a physical shape without ruining lives, breaking bones and consciences, or establishing concentration camps. What a spectacle!

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"disintegration of contents." As a matter of fact, values and concepts do not break down or perish; they become distorted, deformed, and degraded. The process of destruction affects only what is sensitive and can easily become biased. But if whatever remains is strenuously attacked, it becomes tangled, and, consequently, loses its perennial usefulness for moral and social service.

The prophets of the currently In revolution claim that man, frightened by the impersonality and anonymity of existence, must revolt. But who feels that way? Certainly not the poor and underprivileged in this country. They crave much simpler delights than meaningfulness and identity. Social climbing and its material confirmation are enough for them. They neither feel bored by opulence nor call trouble alienation, nor do nuances of success make them unhappy. According to Lenin, fear, resignation, and decadence have always distinguished the outgoing classes, defending their doomed order. If he lived in today's America, his clean-cut analysis would grow blurred. If he wanted to remain brilliant and accurate, he would have to add lines about revolution as the pastime of the rich or as the opiate of the affluent and their children.

The *jeunesse dorée* was always counter-revolutionary, although an infinite number of good-family offspring tuned in on countless revolutions. Many bright individuals of aristocratic or middle-class descent helped to organize, shape, and carry out revolutions against their own classes. Never before in history, however, has a whole stratum of middle-class progeny, wealthy and also enraged, become the *sole* incubator of revolt against situations fatally intertwined with their ideals of thought and behavior. Lenin, of course, would recognize a suicidal trend in it, but this time perhaps he would not be believed by his followers. All the same, what name do you give to a call to action by those who are not oppressed and who do not defend anything that actually needs defense? Don't they understand that the validity of their protest and all its poignancy are inextricably interwoven with this country's established values and with the sociopolitical mechanism they are trying to destroy? What do they challenge? An order that takes pride in encouraging challenge? Which lack of virtue is revamped and accorded awesome consideration as a newly invented virtue? "Action is our words," proclaim the young, proud of their inventiveness. We who grew up in the thirties (I in



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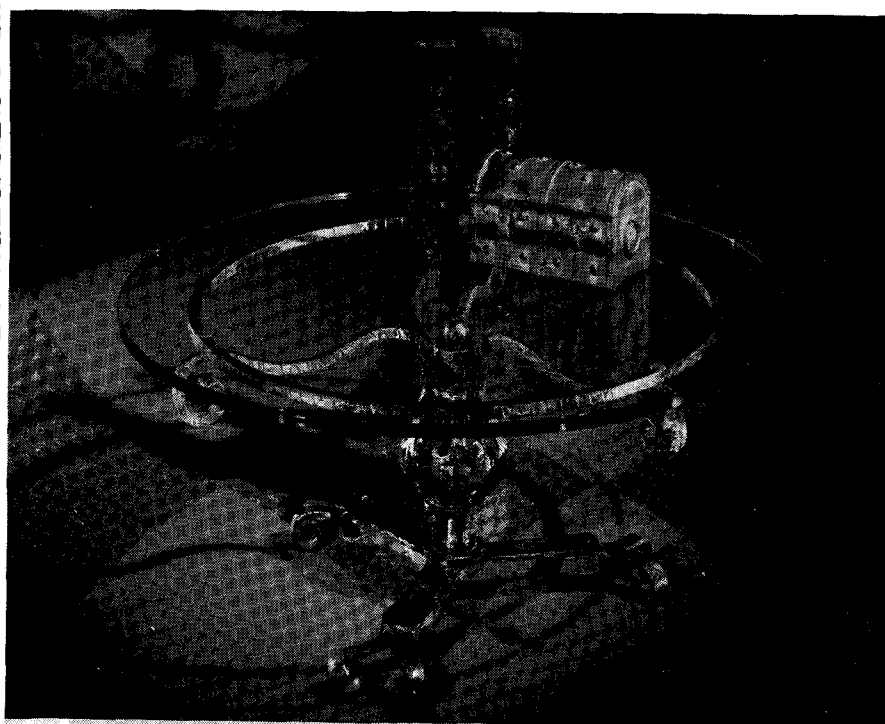
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Poland) can only smile sadly. We know what this slogan means. For us, that is Fascism. The Nazi ideology emphasized action as an objective and independent good, and we know where it led. I remember the ravaged Jewish homes and massacred Jewish people whose desolation was caused by that sacred word "action." When a minority wants to impose its will upon a majority, the vocable "action" acquires some mystical gaiety and innocence. Its only sequel is dismal, monstrous injustice—also called tyranny.

A catastrophist would draw an unequivocal conclusion: In human hands, everything falls asunder and decays. Our good intentions are our doom. Psychoanalysis has attempted to improve us. Better understanding was supposed to make better men out of our children, but it ended with chaotic permissiveness and a new idolatry of spurious values. Our fake sublimation and suspiciously overzealous care for the characters and egos of entire generations brought about distrust, disenchantment, and appalling bitterness, of an intensity that passes all boundaries of logical concern. Our penetrating preoccupation with the spiritual and ontological health of our future fellow-men has resulted in a cry for revolution by those who have never been hungry, who have never worked for their living—who have never built anything, never sown and harvested anything. Our jealous quest for liberal impartiality and understanding, together with our intransigent worship of free expression, has brought us face to face with the hopeless abuse of these words and with those who say, "Our country is always wrong," although they have never contributed to any good in it.

Being an optimist, I think that if they haven't it's because they haven't yet had time.

TO RESTRUCTURE

THE verb "to restructure" is on its way to becoming an important semantic figure in the near future. It is already quite fashionable in urban semi-philosophical debates. Like every chic term, it contains as much nonsense as euphemism. Many people are prone to overlook the fact that structure used to be the only categorical intangible element of an edifice. Isn't it simpler to operate with a less appealing verb, like "to demolish"?

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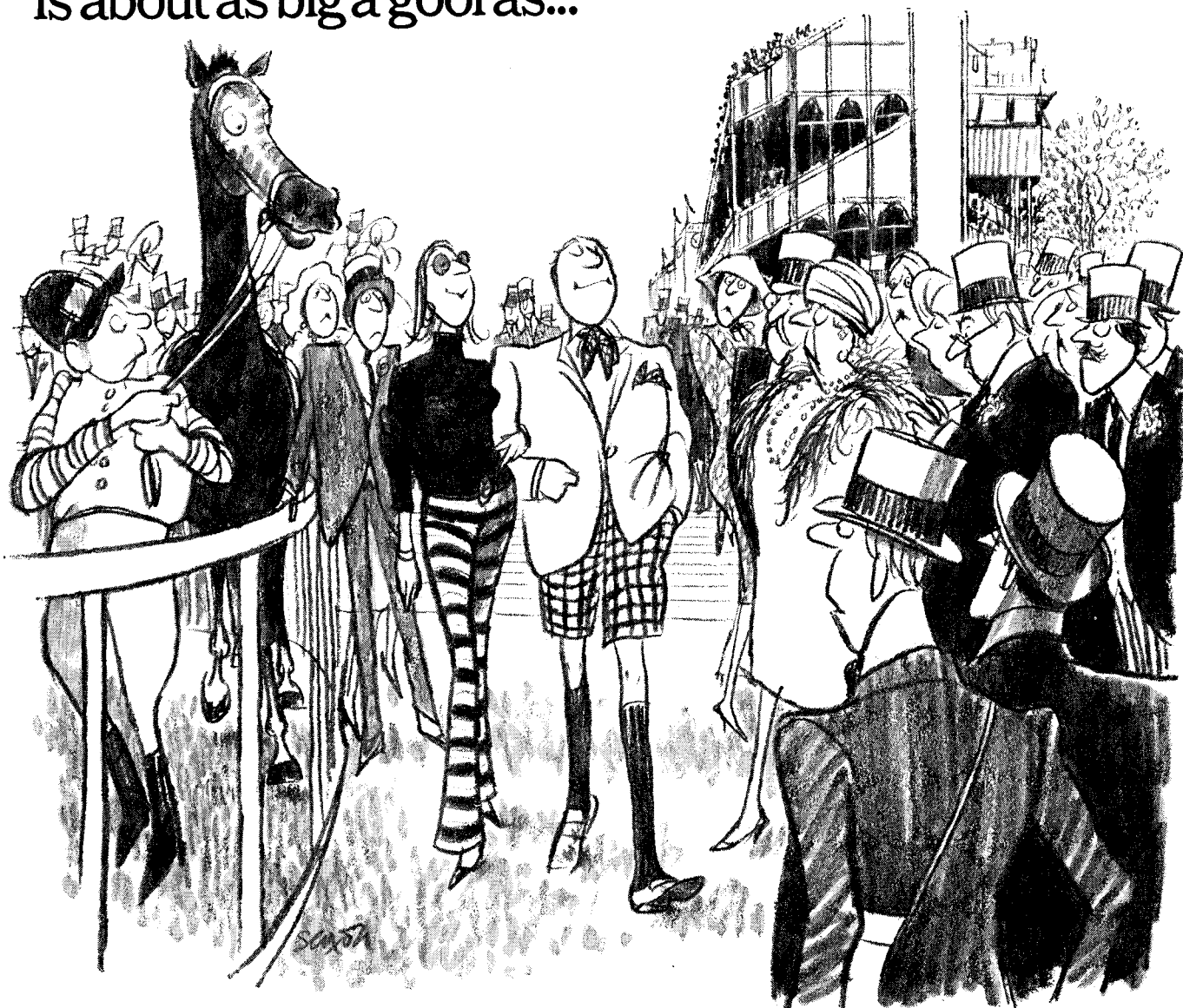
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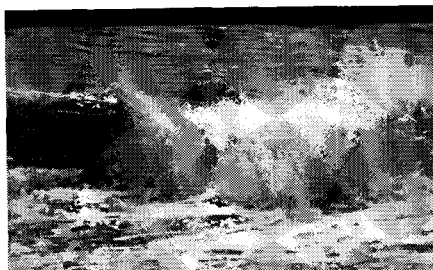
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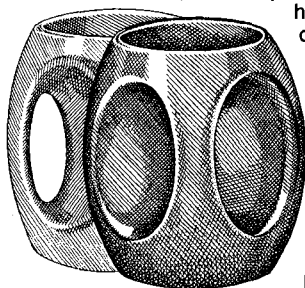


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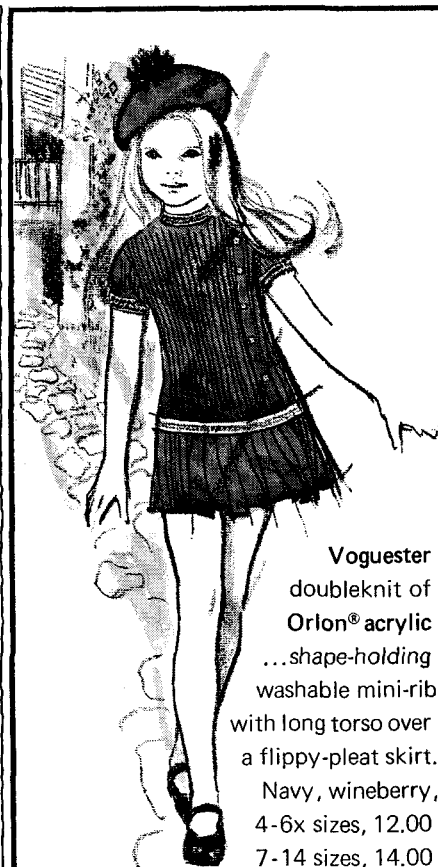
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life. Organization is the key to our future. And organization is becoming more complex and oppressive with each new billion of people on the planet. With the earth's population multiplying beyond all reason, humanity's big question is how we can live together. If we do not organize, our immensity will crumble us; we will suffocate under our own weight—smother in our madly increasing inability to perform functions. If we do not establish a complex system of coöperation, we will perish. Very different notions of social interdependence will have to emerge, and the world will have to accept them if it doesn't want to retrogress into unprecedented cruelty, the decay of the most valuable human instincts, and the end, for all practical purposes, of anthropocentric civilization. The childish grumbling of the common burgher against the growing role of bureaucracy becomes an elaborate philosophical rumination concerning life's depersonalization, the neomystical power concept, and dehumanized superstructures disposing of individual destinies. Now, once more, America steps to the front of the stage. With its multitude of diverse conflicts and its galactic variety of issues, and obsessed by its devouring passion for solving anything that seems insoluble, America becomes a lighthouse in the darkness of a century already known for its unsurpassed mechanization of murder. But America offers two antagonistic answers. One outlines the inevitable necessity of organizing *without* losing the sacrosanct sense of individual and social freedom. The other is simpler, and advises a revolution in order to destroy the existing state of things. When its partisans are asked "What about after the revolution?" they are usually unable to propose anything that hasn't already been tested by mankind, proved unbearable, and rejected as unfit. When it is pointed out that their suggestions have little relevance to our epoch's crucial problem, they answer that this can be solved by building up and imposing another superstructure, which naturally has to be much superior to the one destroyed, because they are going to construct it. Some of them feel more responsibility toward common sense and advocate Socialism. But Marxian Socialism has lost its chance to deliver any appealing answer. Fifty years of the Communist agglomeration of failures and crimes committed in the name of Socialism has removed the possibility of any hope from that direction.

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fer in every respect. Reality is composed of countless different elements, wherefore the only way to preserve a healthy society is to accept and observe the otherness of the other. This is also called pluralism. How it may work under the pressure of overpopulation we don't know. However, if we change only a few words and say "to recognize and accept the vestigial otherness even of the alike," we discover a transposed sense, which may prove useful, even priceless, under the coming conditions. It may sanction that moral sanity which we need in order to survive. For so-called moral insanity, inherent in so many human ideas and deeds, has been sufficiently discredited with the help of history, science, and the invention of printing, movies, and even TV so that it's wiser to be a little afraid of it.

CHINESE WISDOM

I DON'T think our epoch is stupider or more senselessly violent than any other. I don't think we face more insidious problems or venture into more precarious areas than other men have done. I think our time is an interesting one. And there is a Chinese curse that goes, "May God let you live in an interesting time!"

—LEOPOLD TYRMAND

"Fidelity is normal and fun, and infidelity is an expression of discontent," said Dr. Menaker. "To express it another way, infidelity is an expression of discontent."—*Denver (Colo.) Inter-mountain Jewish News*.

We liked the first way.

THE NEW RULES, laid down June 10 by the U. S. Judicial Conference, forbid all Federal judges except members of the Supreme Court to accept outside fees. The rules also require all federal judges—again with the exception of the Supreme Court to accept outside fees.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Good rule! Should give us all a lot to think about.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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A MOVIE loon was roaming the streets, looking for someone to go to the flicks with her. "What are you going to see?" asked a lawyer friend with a briefcase.

"Something called 'Detour,' or 'Le Détour,'" said the movie loon.

"Oh, French," said the lawyer. "I might come."

"No, Bulgarian," said the movie loon.

"I think I'd really better get on with some work," said the friend, moving ahead.

"It's rather good," said the movie loon, pursuing. "And it's only seventy-eight minutes long."

"How can you know it's rather good?" said the lawyer.

"I've seen it before," said the movie loon.

The lawyer laughed hysterically in the middle of the drabest block on Sixth Avenue. "You're going to a Bulgarian picture twice?"

Then the movie loon found another friend, in a bar. "Would you like to come to see rather a good film?" asked the movie loon.

"Who directed it?" asked the friend, an English professor who knew about movies.

"Grisha Ostrovski and Todor Stoyanov," said the movie loon.

"Packing them in, are they?" said this second friend, humoring the movie loon. "Rumanians, are they?"

"Bulgarians," the movie loon replied stiffly.

The movie loon sulked while the friend went through some sort of attack of skepticism or giggles concealed as a sneeze. "Sorry," said the friend. "Tell me about the Bulgarian film industry."

"The Bulgarian film industry was started by a married couple in 1910, and they made eleven films in twenty-seven years. The Bulgarians now say the films weren't much good. What are you laughing about? They've got better lately. This one, which is called 'Detour,' really is rather nice. Simple. Black-and-white."

"What's it about?"

"It plays around with time."

"Oh, Lord."

"No, not like 'Marienbad.' It's about love. It's about looking back on an affair. There's this man, a man with gray hair who turns up later without

gray hair, younger, and he has to make a detour, and he's asked to give a woman he knows a lift to Sofia."

"Sofia," said the English professor. "I'd forgotten the name of it. Where is Bulgaria, exactly?"

"Left-hand side of the Black Sea, I think," said the movie loon.

"Go on," said the friend. "Tell me some more about Bulgaria."

"I don't understand what you think's so funny about Bulgaria," said the movie loon. "Why should Bulgaria crack you up?"

"I don't know," said the friend, trying to stop.

"Is it one of those things that always seem funny to you? Does anything else always seem funny to you? Do—er—monks' sandals, for instance?"

"I really don't know," said the friend, doing his best. "I don't think it's Bulgaria so much as your talking about a Bulgarian film. You made it sound so deadly. What happens after the detour?"

"As I was saying," said the movie loon, "this man gives a lift to a woman he used to love—a woman archeologist in spectacles."

"Spectacles," said the friend, leaning the back of his head weakly against a wall.

"They show the passage of time," said the movie loon. "Later on, earlier in her life, we see her without them. We see her as a student, in the Stalinist period, at a lecture where the man, also a student, is hectoring the class about the five dialectical reasons for love. The other students get furious."

"I should think so," said the friend. "Well, he's obviously wrong, isn't he, if it's the Stalinist period and this is a present-day picture? It stands to reason."

"No, he's not just trotting it out. He believes it, partly. I think that's because he stands for Modern Man."

"How can you tell?" said the friend. "Come and see it," said the movie loon.

"I'd rather you told me. I enjoy it more."

"I think he stands for Technology, because he has a bit of an argument with the woman about it. She's on the other side."

"You mean she was never a Stalinist?"

"No, I mean she's not so modern. She has a sense of the past. You can tell by the feeling she has about her pots."

"Pots?" said the friend.

"Pots with inscriptions on them. Pots. You know what pots are. Archeological pots. You heard me say she was an archeologist."

"Yes," the friend said faintly. "What else is there to the film, apart from the time thing and its being rather good?"

"Well, it hasn't got any violence," said the movie loon. "I didn't turn away once. Aren't you coming?"

"Has it got any sex in it?" the friend asked.

"No. But it's about love, all the same. I told you that already."

"Has it got any stars?"

"Bulgarian stars."

"Has it got a happy ending?"

"No. It's—well, elegiac, I think you'd call it."

"An elegiac... Bulgarian..." the friend repeated slowly, in a rising voice, halting over the words. "Does it have any humor?"

"Er—no," said the movie loon. "But you don't miss it, at the time."

"Animals?"

"No," said the movie loon. "But it does have cars."

"Bulgarian cars?"

"Look, maybe they were imported."



I suppose you'd come if it were a French picture."

"I might," said the friend.

"As a matter of fact," said the movie loon, back in the bar seventy-eight minutes plus travelling time later, "it's very skillful and rather gentle, and you'd have enjoyed it a lot more than the French film you can come to in half an hour."

"What's the French film called?" asked the English professor, who by now was having a beer, some pie, and a cup of coffee. "I suppose you've already seen that, too. What is this about going to middling art films twice?"

"I like to," said the movie loon. "The French film is called 'More.' Could I have some of your apple pie, if you're not going to eat it? I haven't had any lunch."

"I like the title better than 'Detour,'" said the friend. "This is tea. It's half past four."

"I've got a bit behind," said the movie loon. "I just think you're in a mood to like anything better than 'Detour.' You'd have enjoyed it. You'd like 'More,' too. But less."

"What's 'More' about?"

"It was made by Barbet Schroeder, who was born in 1941."

"So it's a now film."

"It's what's happening," said the movie loon. "It's a very now film. A young German thumbs a ride and falls in love with a girl in Paris and ends up in Ibiza with her. He wants to burn his bridges."

"Is it about drugs?"

"No. Well, drugs come into it. How could you tell?"

"From the title," said the friend. "What's the order? Pot, hash, acid, horse? Is it a tragedy? If so, I guess it ends with horse. An overdose of horse. It sounds a bit of a parable. People who make films about drugs make such *simple* films about drugs."

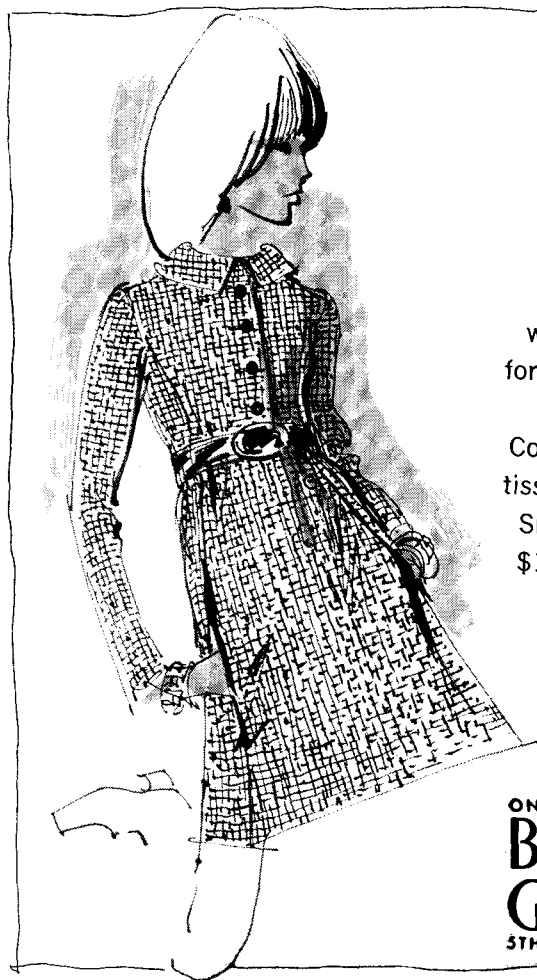
"'More' isn't really about drugs," said the movie loon, looking round wildly for some coffee. "Is 'Goldilocks and the Three Bears' about porridge? Schroeder says in an interview that the film is the story of a young man who 'sets out on a search for the Sun, for the full experience of life, but is not strong enough to successfully realize his quest.'"

"Did you think that was what it was about when you saw it?"

"Not exactly," said the movie loon.

"What did you think it was about?"

"Drugs," the movie loon said, caving in. "It also seemed to be about a dead friend. The director puts in a title at the beginning about trying to record the last six months in the life



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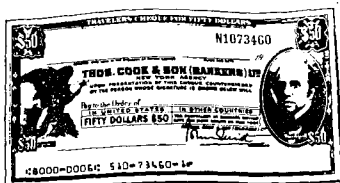


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of a friend who died. The film does seem commemorative. It has that tang. Sometimes it's quite sad."

"Has it got sex in it?" said the friend.

"No, I told you, it's got *drugs*. You never get both. There's a certain amount of lying around on the rocks in Ibiza with nothing on."

"You mean they're high or stoned all the time," said the friend.

"I say, I would like some coffee," said the movie loon. "Part of the sadness is that—er, I'm sorry to put it this way, but the boy isn't able to relate."

"Ah," said the friend. "I'm well out of that one. But I suppose the trips look pretty. The acid trips."

"Well, they're in Ibiza, aren't they?" said the movie loon. "Ibiza is pretty. You don't have to be on acid—I mean, it isn't the photography that's beautiful, it's what the camera's pointing at. So long as—" Fed up with waiting for coffee, she politely swiped some of her friend's beer. "The odd thing is that you seem to be defending the film," she said. "You seem to think more of it than I do. Even without seeing it."

"You describe it so well," said the friend, closing his eyes. "I know I'd be bored. I don't need to see it. I was thinking of going tonight to 'The Learning Tree.'"

"Gordon Parks' film."

"About growing up black in Kansas."

"Yes."

"It's rather good," said the friend.

"You've seen it," said the movie loon.

"I wouldn't mind going again. It's not at all a new film."

"No, praise be," said the movie loon.

"You've seen it," said the friend.

"Yes," said the movie loon. "It's intelligent about the times, yes? It's about not overreacting to trouble, would you say? It doesn't seem a bad theme. Given the situation."

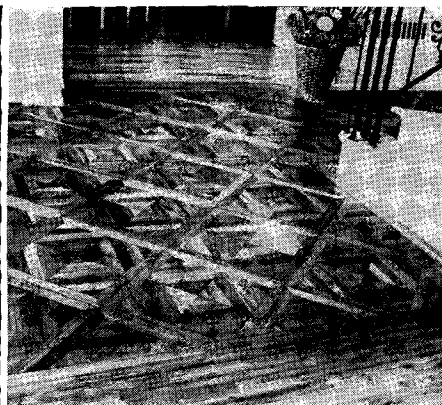
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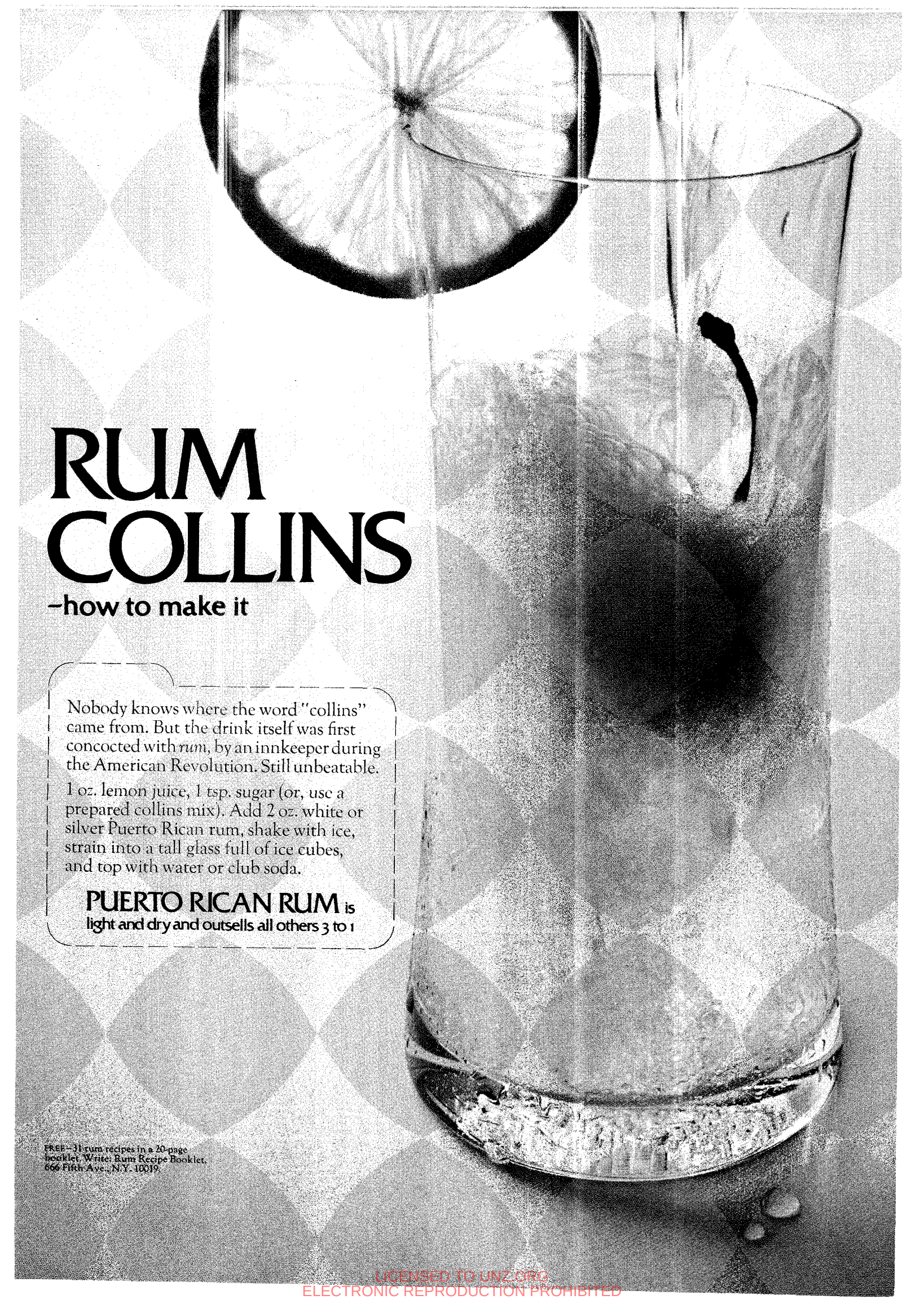
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Stephanie Farrow: a new girl in the village

Stephanie Farrow has those famous Irish eyes and a glamorous mane of auburn tresses. Cut it? "Not me," says Stephanie. "I do my own thing. I crave individuality in everything, especially clothes. This longer knit coat, for instance, with straight leg pants. Marvelous, I wear it—it doesn't wear me."

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"I'm new to the Village," says Stephanie, "but with clothes ideas like this, I'm here to stay."



LETTER FROM THE SPACE CENTER

THERE is still a bigger influx of tourists than usual into the Manned Spacecraft Center, near Houston, though the temporary exhibition of rockets and spacecraft that was set up before the Apollo 11 mission in a tent in back of the Public Affairs Building has been removed. The tent, which for a time gave the multi-structure Space Center the air of a county fair, has been struck, and the rockets—including the descent engine of a lunar module, which looked like a big black bell, and also the ascent engine of a lunar module, which looked like a small silvery bell—have been returned to the museum in the Public Affairs Building. The last of the exhibits to be brought back indoors was the command module of the Apollo 9, which flew last March, and a crowd of tourists gathered as a crane was hooked up to its conical cap for what looked like the spacecraft's final launching. After innumerable stays and holds, during which the crowd got steadily larger, the derrick finally revved up and hoisted the spacecraft off the ground. A lady in red shorts, who had been waiting for fully fifteen minutes, said to a man in blue shorts at her side, "Oh, they're taking it away! So that's what they're doing!" Later, a forklift truck trundled Apollo 9 back into the museum, from which it had been moved a month ago to make room for the reporters and photographers who came to cover the flight of Apollo 11, and put it down near a diorama that pictured an LM, its riding lights flashing, standing in a lunar landscape while a white-suited astronaut prospected on a dark-gray *mare* made of papier-mâché. A few days earlier, the command module of the Apollo 11 had been similarly carted in through a back door of the Lunar Receiving Laboratory, at the other end of the Space Center, and put in quarantine near the astronauts who had flown it—Neil A. Armstrong, Colonel Edwin E. Aldrin, Jr., and Lieutenant Colonel Michael Collins. While the astronauts were inspecting it, one of them joked with John K. Hirasaki, the engineer quarantined with them, about the chances of reconditioning the Apollo 11 capsule for another flight. The spacecraft looks as if it would need nothing more than a new coat of paint to cover up the scorch marks from reentry.

Since they were first put in quarantine, the astronauts have spent a good deal of their time—from nine every

morning until five every afternoon—recounting the details of their trip to officials of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. The three have spent their spare time watching television and movies, including "Ice Station Zebra," "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," and "Goodbye, Columbus," all of which were supplied by an Air Force film library. The astronauts liked "Goodbye, Columbus" so much that they had it run twice. When they haven't been watching movies or TV, they have played ping-pong or pool, and they exercise on a bicycle machine or jog in the corridors. They receive the New York Times, the Washington Post, the Houston Post, and the Houston Chronicle every day. The only book that they are known to have in their quarters is "We Reach the Moon," a book about them. Armstrong discovered in reading the book that his first

words on the moon had been misquoted by the world press. He says that he said, as he stepped onto the moon's soil, "That's one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind," but the official transcript left out the "a" before "man." At the Space Center, recording technicians and communications engineers are saying that Armstrong *didn't* say "a man," though he may have meant to. Armstrong insists that he put the "a" in, and that it was lost somewhere between the moon and here. In any event, a self-conscious approach to history-making rarely works, it seems, and the remark of Armstrong's that may well be remembered the longest is an offhand one he made to Colonel Aldrin after Aldrin had stepped onto the moon: "Isn't it fun?"

Life inside the quarantine quarters has been fairly leisurely for everyone except the astronauts, according to Dr. William R. Carpentier, the physician who has been isolated with them

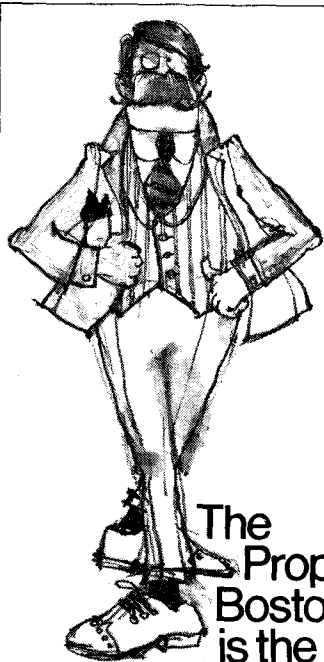


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John C. Bruno

since they landed. When I talked with him on the telephone last week, he told me that he was about to take a nap. He had spent the morning making microscope slides of the astronauts' white blood cells, which he was going to forward to an Atomic Energy Commission laboratory in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, where a group of radiation specialists would see if the astronauts' stay in space—and especially the two astronauts' walk on the moon, during which they were unprotected by the spacecraft—had caused any alteration in their chromosomes. Neither Dr. Carpentier nor any of the other scientists at the Lunar Receiving Laboratory found any trace of lunar organisms, harmful or otherwise, in the astronauts' bloodstreams or in anything else the astronauts brought back from the moon. In fact, Dr. Carpentier said, as each day of the quarantine has passed without anyone's becoming ill, the men have been getting more and more eager to get out. Indeed, some of the men, he says, have become quite cavalier about the possibility of moon germs. Many of the scientists who work inside the L.R.L.—but outside the quarantine barrier—reached this state of mind some time ago, and the general feeling on both sides of the barrier when Terry Slezak, a photographic technician, inadvertently touched some moon dust on a film magazine was that Slezak's exposure to potential lunar germs would be helpful in promoting a bar in which he owns an interest, for Slezak thus became one of the first men to touch lunar soil with his bare hands.

The continued inability of the moon to produce anything alive is somewhat demoralizing to the men who are spending almost three weeks in quarantine, Dr. Carpentier said. The quarantine quarters, it appears, are bleak. Dr. Carpentier described the walls as being a pale institutional yellow, the woodwork a pale institutional green, and the furniture a pseudo-rustic kind that might have been bought out of a Sears Roebuck catalogue—and, in fact, was. The pictures on the walls, he said, are mostly NASA photographs of rockets and moonscapes, and the view from the windows, toward a big asphalt parking lot, is at least an improvement over the view from the Mobile Quarantine Facility when it was inside the hangar deck of the U.S.S. Hornet. Dr. Carpentier also reported that it had become increasingly common for those in the quarantine quarters to stand by one of the unbreakable glass win-



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dows and watch for people passing by outside, so as to wave to them. "Everybody is just counting the days until it's time to get out," he said. "Everybody wants to go home."

WHILE the boxes of rocks and dust were on their way from the moon to the L.R.L., the geologists there were in a state approaching delirium. "Nobody gets as excited as a geologist when he's excited," said Dr. Gerald Taylor, who is a biologist himself. "And, after all, the geologists have been waiting for this moment for centuries." While the samples were in transit, Dr. Robin Brett, a geochemist on the Preliminary Examination Team, or PET, said, in as detached a manner as he could command, "The L.R.L. reminds me of a hive full of bees about to swarm. There's a great deal of aimless activity, and people are running around in all directions, but you're really not sure what they're doing. You keep bumping into the same people in different corridors." When I asked Dr. Brett, as avid a geologist as any, how he knew so much about the aimless activity in the corridors, he confessed that he had been pretty frantic himself. He also confided that he had been having dreams about looking at the lunar samples through a glass porthole in the vacuum chamber where the moon samples were taken out of their containers.

In order not to let what Dr. Elbert King, the curator of the L.R.L., once called "the greatest moment in scientific history" slide by unnoticed, Dr. King, Dr. Brett, and two other PET geologists undertook to describe the opening of the rock boxes for the other scientists and for reporters over closed-circuit television, with Dr. P. R. Bell, the director of the L.R.L., serving as a sort of anchor man. The boxes were opened inside the vacuum chamber—which was about the size of a domestic basement furnace—by a technician who worked through a pair of space-suit gloves set into one side of the chamber. Inflated by the atmospheric pressure outside the chamber, the gloves ballooned rigidly into it. On television, the gloves moved with the slow, clumsy deliberation of a robot, and Dr. Bell, who narrated the first part of the action, had a good deal of air time to fill up.

The study of the lunar rocks will continue for some time. Because of the dust coating them, it was a couple of days before the PET scientists got a good look at the surface of even one rock, and that happened by

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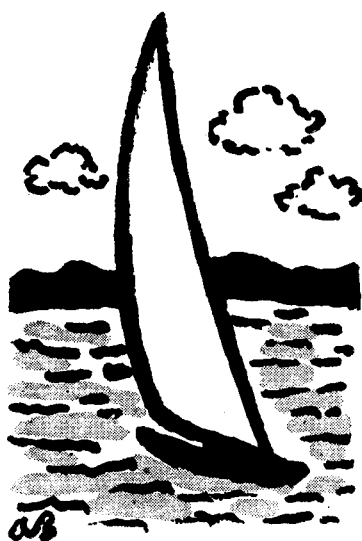
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accident when some dust was knocked off one of the rocks that had been selected to go down to the Radioactive Counting Laboratory, which is forty feet underground, beneath the L.R.L. The rock proved to be igneous, but this discovery didn't establish anything about the nature of the moon, because igneous rocks are produced both by volcanoes and by meteoric impact. During the next couple of days, the PET geologists found scoriae and vesicles on some of the rocks—vesicles being bubbly formations that are likely signs of volcanism. These discoveries delighted most of the geologists at the Space Center, because most of them have long been arguing that volcanoes, rather than meteors, shaped the surface of the moon.

Two days after the first box of moon material was opened, a number of the PET scientists held a meeting in the Space Center's main auditorium and announced some of their initial findings. The meeting was a lively one, for scientists kept running in to report results that hadn't been available when the meeting started. Dr. Brett sprinted over from the L.R.L. with a note to the chairman of the meeting, who was Dr. Wilmot Hess, the Space Center's Director of Science and Applications, announcing that Dr. Brett's colleague Dr. Ross Taylor had finished his preliminary chemical analysis of a sample of moon dust. The note said that Dr. Taylor's results were in accordance with the results ascertained by remote control from the Surveyor spacecraft—down to a surprisingly high content of titanium, which had so surprised geologists when it was reported to them by Dr. Anthony Turkevich, the man in charge of the Surveyor experiment, that many of them hadn't believed it. (Dr. Turkevich, who is a professor of chemistry at the University of Chicago, was in Chicago at the time.) Dr. Brett, who was obviously elated that Dr. Turkevich's findings were being verified, cautioned that Dr. Taylor had been working with only a very small amount of dust, but he added firmly that the results showed that Dr. Turkevich, with his remote-control box on the moon, and Dr. Taylor, with the sample before him, "were in the same ball park," and that "this means that Dr. Turkevich wasn't out to lunch, or both Dr. Taylor and Dr. Turkevich are, and I think that's all you can really say at the moment." Dr. Richard Johnson, a biologist from the Ames Research Center, in California, arrived at

the meeting somewhat out of breath to announce that he had taken a preliminary look at the organic-chemical content of a sample and had found it to be so low that in his opinion the sample was "most like a very, very poor earth soil." He wasn't even sure, he said, that the trace of organic matter wasn't the result of contamination by the LM or the astronauts. Another result reported at the meeting was that the dust had a high percentage of tiny spheres of a glassy substance, thought to have been produced by the impact of meteors on the moon, which melted rocks, which,



in turn, broke up into droplets. (Dr. Eugene Shoemaker, who was the Principal Investigator for the astronauts' field trip on the moon, told me later that it is possible that some of these droplets may have been hurled from the moon to the earth, where similar objects are known as tektites.) There was a good deal of talk about lava flows on the moon, and Dr. Shoemaker said at one point that the evidence for lava flows was "overwhelming." Dr. Bell, who was still skeptical about the possibility of lunar volcanism, retorted that it all depended on who was being overwhelmed. One person who apparently was overwhelmed was Dr. Harold C. Urey, the atomic chemist, who rose to say, "I have thought for twenty years that there was considerable evidence that the moon is a relatively cold body as compared to the earth... and I would say that on the basis of the present evidence... I shall certainly consider very carefully whether I should not revise that opinion." The volcanists at the meeting were unable to conceal their delight at the turn events seemed to be taking, and Dr. John W. Dietrich, a Space Center geologist, who had been particularly vociferous in favor of volcanism, and who was hearing many of the results for the first time, grinned shamelessly throughout. He remarked at the end of the meeting, when he discovered that he couldn't stop smiling, "I still feel canary feathers around the inside of my mouth."

THE study of the moon is as changeable as the moon itself, and two days after the meeting Dr. Urey was saying that now he probably wouldn't say the things he had said at the meeting. His ideas about the moon, and a lot of other people's as well, are in a state of flux. In the two days since the meeting, Dr. Urey had reflected that there might be a variety

of explanations for the presence of seemingly volcanic rocks on the moon. For example, they could have been tossed there from the earth by the same forces that may have propelled rocks to the earth from the moon. He had made some calculations showing that the impact on the earth of a comet the size of Halley's could send a giant splash of water to the moon, along with, possibly, a sizable quantity of earth rocks, many of which would be volcanic. As a chemist with a strong leaning toward physics, Dr. Urey is inclined to think in theoretical terms that are foreign to most geologists. For instance, he believes that the moon's shape and density—both of which are irregular—must mean that the moon is rigid, and therefore cold, for a hot moon would be a good deal more plastic, and irregularities in shape and density would have been dissipated or stabilized long ago. "The geologists just won't listen!" Dr. Urey said. He admits, however, that he is terribly puzzled by the rocks from the moon, and, in particular, by their high titanium content. The lunar samples are richer in titanium than all except some extremely rare rocks on earth—which would tend to argue against the rocks' having originated on earth. Indeed, on earth the lunar dust would be considered a valuable ore. "I just don't know how to account for the titanium," Dr. Urey said. He expects to do some research on where and how terrestrial titanium is formed. "This titanium may be very discouraging to me," he said. "But I'm used to it. I don't worry about it. I want to know what the facts are. I'm just a student of the moon—that's all."

THE work in the L.R.L. proceeds slowly and deliberately. Bits of the samples pass from hand to hand (the hands are in gloves that have been set into glass cases) along intricate paths that were laid out before the samples arrived. The two core tubes that Colonel Aldrin pounded into the moon were opened by Dr. Roald Fryxell, a geologist, who thereupon described some of the dust inside as "crumblike." Dr. Fryxell, who, as a geologist, wears a military-looking olive-green uniform, passed on about half the material in each of the cores to Dr. Gerald Taylor, who, as a biologist, wears a blue uniform. Dr. Taylor ground up the material, separated it into equal portions, and passed some of it on to his fellow-biologists, who were all searching for organic life on the moon. Dr. Taylor has described the dust as being like a combination of sand and lamp-

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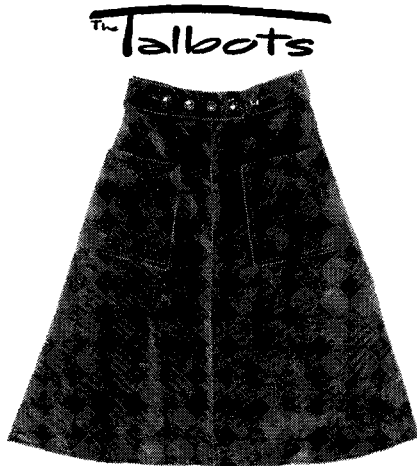
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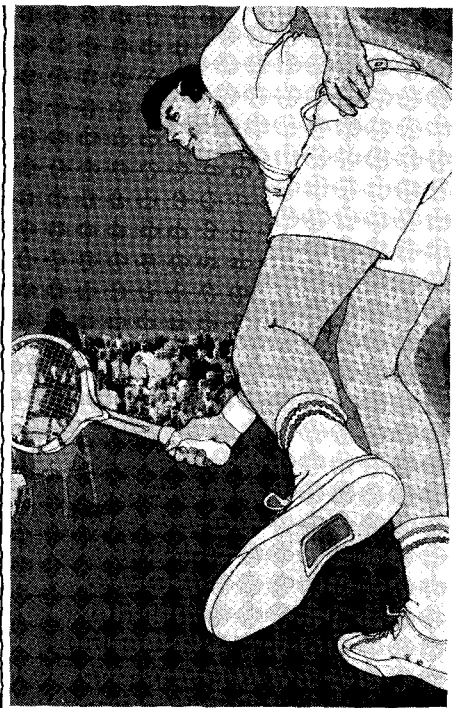
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black. He says that picking up tools with the gloves is difficult, and that what is worse is that things keep falling beyond the range of the gloves. Much of what he does is monitored by television, and he says he finds it irritating to work with a zoom lens constantly peering over his shoulder. The day after he ground up the sample, he looked through a microscope to see if he could spot any organisms from the moon. Though he didn't, he pointed out that this was hardly a proof that there weren't any. Although Dr. Taylor, like all biologists, maintains a studied diffidence about lunar organisms, he says, nonetheless, that every morning when he reports to work the first thing he does is to inquire after the health of Mr. Slezak, who is still the only man to have come in direct contact with unsterilized lunar material.

Nearby, in the physical-chemical test laboratory, Dr. King was working with the contingency sample, the scoopful of material that Armstrong picked up shortly after he set foot on the moon. Dr. King found, to his gratification, that, of three rocks he had cleaned the dust from, two were igneous, and one of these was definitely volcanic. "It's nice to have your ideas confirmed," he said. Cleaning the dust off the rocks is tedious and time-consuming work, because the dust is as important as the rock, and Dr. King has to be careful not to lose any. Some of the cleaning involves brushing the rock delicately and then blowing a gentle jet of nitrogen over it, while the rock is inside a plastic bag. And before Dr. King can knock chips off certain rocks with a hammer, he has to wrap the rocks in aluminum foil, so that no chips will be lost. One part of the work that particularly annoys the geologists, who are skeptical about what they call moon bugs, is the alarms that the biologists raise on those occasions when they feel that the quarantine has been breached in some way—as when someone recently detected air bubbles coming out of a bathroom drain where no bubbles should be. The implication was that air and possibly moon bugs were somehow leaking out from behind the quarantine barrier—what the people at the L.R.L. call a spill. When the bubbles were detected, someone pressed a red button called the spill-alarm button. Bells clanged all over the L.R.L., and the scientists, all of whom have gas masks hanging from their shoulders, had to put them on. "Have you ever tried to look through a microscope with a gas mask on?" asked one geologist, who had to do so for a couple of hours.

Some of the spills have been quite



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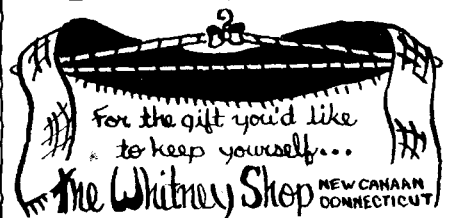
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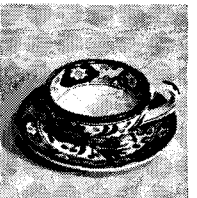


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dramatic. One recent evening, during a dinner party given by one of the scientists and attended by Dr. Hess, the Director of Science and Applications, and also by Dr. Brett, the door burst open and Dr. King raced in, shouting, "We've blown a glove!" Some of the guests looked mildly confused at this news, but Dr. Hess headed for the door, on the double. What had happened was that one of the space-suit gloves inserted into the vacuum chamber had burst. Fortunately, nobody had been hurt by the implosion, but thirteen rocks and chips of rocks lying on the floor of the chamber had, of course, been exposed to the air that rushed in. (The rest were safely sealed away in vacuum cans.) The technician on duty said that the first indication he had that anything was wrong was that the right thumb of the glove began to swell. As he pulled his hand out, he heard a loud whooshing, like the sound of air being let out of a tire. A voice boomed over the public-address system, "Glove operator, head for the showers!" (In the L.R.L., people are constantly being monitored over closed-circuit television by other people, in adjacent rooms.) Subsequently, the technician and a second technician, who had been helping him, were both sent into quarantine with the astronauts.



ried as he watched Armstrong on the moon over television, for he thought Armstrong was taking the pictures in such rapid succession that the camera—and, in particular, the strobe light—wouldn't have time to recycle between shots. The stereoscopic close-up pictures all turned out perfectly, however, and it was while Mr. Underwood was telling me about them that I happened to see Mr. Gold, a stereoscopic viewer held up to his eyes, taking his first look at the pictures he had been so insistent on getting. "You can see there's a lot of fine powder on the moon, so those who doubted its existence can't doubt it any longer," he said jubilantly. The dust seemed to lie fairly flat on the ground, though on some of the slides the stereoscopic eyepiece

brought out sharp peaks and valleys. Mr. Gold was particularly interested in a number of tiny pockmarks in the soil—the size of dents made by BBs. Under magnification, they looked like miniature bomb craters. The craters were coated with a glassy substance, which Mr. Gold said indicated that they were made by the impact of micrometeorites, smaller than the head of a pin, which melted some of the dust, so that it formed a kind of glaze. Mr. Gold believes that the stereoscopic pictures, and the other pictures taken by the astronauts as well, have bolstered a theory of his accounting for the weathered appearance of much of the moon. The theory has it that lunar dust is transported about the moon on an electrostatic current, down which the particles slide into craters and other low spots. He feels that electrostatic transportation is the only way to account for the almost fluid way the dust seems to have filled in various crannies in the pictures. "Nobody's been able to come up with anything better," Mr. Gold said with satisfaction as he raised the stereoscopic viewer to his eyes again.

MR. UNDERWOOD is also delighted with the astronauts' photography. He was standing by a slot in a developing machine from which emerged a series of pictures that the astronauts took on the moon with a Hasselblad camera, and, consequently, he was the first person to see them. "Each one was better than the last, and the worst of them would make a handsome cover for any national magazine," he said. Mr. Underwood had been afraid that Armstrong was moving around the moon so fast, and snapping pictures so much at random, that

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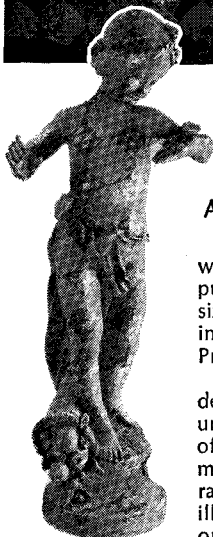


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they might be a little blurred. One of his favorites is a shot showing the upper part of the LM, with the earth, a hazy blue ball, framed between two of the LM's antennas. Another of his favorites was taken by Colonel Collins, from the command module. Colonel Collins managed to get a picture that showed the LM as it hovered above the moon, the brown arc of the moon's horizon, and the earth, set like a sapphire in the velvet blackness of space.

The photographs—several long strips of color transparencies—have been put together to form one continuous roll of pictures, which, when Mr. Underwood unrolls it across an illuminated glass table, provides a sort of chronological slide show of the whole trip. At the beginning, the arc of the earth overflows the transparencies, with great sweeps of white clouds winding about it like glaciers on a mountainside. As the spacecraft moves out toward the moon, there follows a series of photographs of the earth, getting smaller from one picture to the next. When it has come to look as if the earth is the size of a small blue marble (and the whorls of the clouds heighten the resemblance), the camera swings indoors, providing a couple of shots of Colonel Aldrin, with a good deal of stubble on his chin. Next comes a series of pictures taken from the LM after it has separated from the command module; these show the command module looking first like a large silvery fish and later like a tiny silvery minnow as it recedes in the distance. Then, on the moon, there is a shot of a spacecraft footpad wrapped in brilliant golden foil; a shot of Colonel Aldrin by the solar-wind experiment; a particularly bleak shot of the television camera—the eyes of perhaps one-third of the world's population—standing in infinite loneliness on its fragile tripod, with no other man-made thing in sight; a shot, from inside the LM, of the American flag, surrounded by footprints; then a series of photographs of a brown moon becoming successively smaller; and, finally, another series, the reverse of the first, showing the earth becoming larger, and more familiar, and more homelike with every frame.

—HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

Had the Red Sox tagged May, it would have been a double play, but nobody thought of it as manager Earl Weaver raced on the field and registered heated and violent protest.
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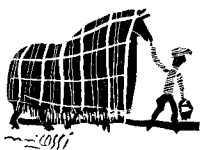
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THE RACE TRACK

Saratoga Springs Eternal

WHEN those switch-tail fillies are good, they're very, very good. When they're bad, the less said the better. Shuvee was good in the Alabama Stakes at Saratoga Springs last Saturday. Starting her run about five furlongs from home, she swept past Pit Bunny, the leader, and kept on going to win by four lengths or so. Hail to Patsy, who had been second in her last four starts—three times to Shuvee—would have been second again if Cruguet, who rode her, hadn't sent her up on the rails into close quarters. So she finished third. Just as notable as Shuvee's victory was the return of Arts and Letters in the Jim Dandy Stakes the day before the Alabama. He'd been resting since he won the Belmont Stakes two months ago. Always on a tight rein in the Jim Dandy, he galloped the mile in what amounted to impudent ease, winning by ten lengths from Gleaming Light, to whom he gave seven pounds. Mr. Mag and Distray finished behind them in the order named. The race—the prep for the Travers Stakes this weekend—was named after the 100-1 shot who beat Gallant Fox and Whichone in the 1930 Travers. Incidentally, Arts and Letters ran up a jim-dandy minus pool. So much money was wagered on him to place (just the cup of tea for the Man with the Black Bag I spoke of recently) that it cost the racecourse management \$13,652.31 to make up the minimum payoff of \$2.10.



WITH an improvement in the weather, attendance and betting picked up at the Spa. Still, it was something of a shock to this old Saratoga hand to find only three colts running in the Special, which started things off for the week. For many years, it was one of the major races of the meeting—of the season, in fact—and the big stables sent their best two-year-olds out for it. George D. Widener's Pontifex, who galloped off with the Flash on opening day, added the Special to his list. Though he bobbled coming out of the gate, he had no trouble catching Foggy Road in the stretch and winning going away. High Echelon was third. I daresay Pontifex will be the favorite for the Hopeful on the closing day of the meeting, the twenty-third.

There may be a shortage of the bet-

ter two-year-olds, but there's no shortage of racers on the grass. So many were entered for the Bernard Baruch Handicap that it was run off in two sections. Horses from the Cragwood Stable of Charles Engelhard won both ends; Larceny Kid beat Ludham in a driving finish, with Baitman third, in the first one, and Hawaii won the second by four lengths from Rhinelander II, with Mara Lark third. And National Steeplechase Day went off beautifully, even though the odds-on favorites were beaten in both hurdle races.

RACING at Monmouth Park ended last week with the Sapling Stakes, which is the Eastern season's first jackpot in six figures for two-year-olds. Twelve ran, and the winner turned up in Ring for Nurse, a 7-1 chance. None of the fancied colts were in the first three. I didn't see the race, but an outrider reports that Insubordination, winner of the Hollywood Juvenile Championship, and Hagley, winner of the Great American, were quickest away and went head and head—doing the quarter in 0:21 1/4 and the half mile in 0:45 1/2—till they began to tire. Then Ring for Nurse moved up with a well-timed run to win by three-quarters of a length from Rollicking. Hard Work was third. Irish Castle, the favorite, was never in the picture, nor was Brick Passer, a colt from Puerto Rico who had won all of his nine starts there. Ring for Nurse is owned by Don LeVine, Frank Cherkinian, and Bob Levy, the president of the Atlantic City Racing Association. LeVine, a retired stockbroker who operates the Red Brick Stable, trains the colt. Since they bought him, for \$25,000, from Kenny Noe, Sr., he has won three stakes and around \$120,000 in prize money. Tempts one to go into the horse business, doesn't it?

SARATOGA SALES ITEM: Lady Beaverbrook paid \$175,000 for a yearling bay colt by Sea-Bird out of Right of the Line. He will be trained in England by Sir Gordon Richards.

—AUDAX MINOR

Peeping Tom of Coventry. See Godiva, Lady.—The Readers' Encyclopedia.

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BOOKS

Life Begins, and Ends, at Sixes and Sevens

IN England, the struggle still seems to be between class values rather than between generations. Perhaps none have been so hotly debated as those of the upper middle class, which might be defined as families with at least two generations of prosperous professional men or landowners educated at public school and the ancient universities, and living within a hundred miles of London. This is a hazy classification, increasingly subject to tedious exception, but there are many of the postwar generation who remain loyal to their version of the upper-middle-class standards. And there are as many of their elders who have opted for those of the new order of accentless and mobile Englishmen. To the upper middle class, the notion of having a personality—an awesome swirl of environment, heredity, and experience—does not come easily. Few would systematically connect their mature self with their childhood, although many have never really left their prep school. In adult social life, baby talk raises hardly an eyebrow. “Brekkers” and “din-dins” pass without comment, perhaps because in conversation—as with absolutely everything else in Britain—self-parody has now run its nibbling course. Upon this virgin territory the theories of Freud and the vaguer ideas of self-awareness have burst like meteors.

Clearly, Michael Ramsbotham and the characters in his novel “The Remains of a Father” (Atheneum) have been affected. The old concepts of “fair play,” “willpower,” avoidance of “fuss” and “showing off,” and the new ideas of self, success, and the articulation of complicated feelings can

prove a lethal combination. Mr. Ramsbotham’s representatives of the upper middle class have been hit very hard by the new world, and yet they remain rooted in old patterns of speech and behavior. This dilemma provokes blindly passionate feelings and sets in motion a juggernaut from which one escapes at best with a dismally brutish stability. Three middle-aged and ostensibly balanced siblings meet with violent upheaval upon the death of their father and upon subsequent reconsideration of their childhood. Harold Allberry, the eldest, is prim, bowler-hatted, and repressed. Behind him is a lifetime of reliability and duty done, based on the Imperial and Victorian morality of their father. He is that appalling hybrid of Peter Pan and head boy, and he is bound in childless matrimony to Dorothy, a woman of the same breed. The devoted mainstay of innumerable charitable committees, she fingers her pearls and dwells in opulent sterility; only a case of schoolgirl pregnancy can rekindle a fox-hunting glint. The three children’s mother died when they were

small. They were raised by a series of nannies and subject to the embittered tweedy will of Aunt Edith, who assuaged her lesbian inclinations by sharing her brother’s bed. Harold has always found martyred, vicarious enjoyment in the bisexual dalliance of Nicholas, the Benjamin of the benighted brood, and in stiffly beseeching his own ally, the head of their public school, not to expel this golden-haired tart, and in soothing a purpling father when Nicholas gives up Cambridge for the Spanish Civil War. Nicholas, a weak-willed leftist, has expended most of his energies in trying to re-create the nanny-child relationship with a string of working-class girl waifs. Caroline has been the constant mediator between her warring brothers. At least she has a resident psychiatrist in her husband, Donald, who has come to terms only too drearily with his own Scots Calvinist background. They live in Croydon and have two adolescent daughters whose lunacies are encouraged and discussed.

The springs of reappraisal are triggered at a ritualistic scattering of their father’s ashes on the family estate, now



“Luis! You promised me—the very next junta I could be strong man!”

sold to Kent County Council to become a children's home. For the first time in his life, Harold is spurred to violence by his brother's flippancy and gives him a black eye. There is worse to come. The plot is darkly paralleled in the press by the story of a working-class man in Morden who kills his wife and all but one of his children. The murders are little more than banner headlines lying around among the many moments of critical emotion for the Allberry family, but the author's habit of tying up all snippets of ironic allusion makes the connection plain. The mad workingman murdered his family and remained alive; the upper-middle-class landowner died and left his children to insanity or a living death. "The Remains of a Father" is a chilling illustration of the hatefulness of the old values and the unpleasantness of the new ones. The characters fondly think that if they can pierce the tattered screen of convention they will meet a peerless vista of contented self-knowledge. Mr. Ramsbotham shows them a blank wall.

Caroline is well enough versed in verbalizing her feelings, and has Donald's jargon to hand for use in the privacy of her own head, yet shared moments of acute distress send her scampering back to the comfortable old phrases. She probes her own guilt feelings as if they were rats preserved in Formalin, and scourges herself for her moral failings. She groans when Harold has a nervous breakdown and is exposed as a petty sexual criminal, she suspects her daughter of blackmail, she sees her husband arm-in-arm with one of his mistresses, and her parentage is seriously questioned. Yet when her younger daughter finds her bewailing these miseries, her reflex reply is evasive: "I have had rather a trying day." When she is in despair, she finds things "upsetting." This threadbare dissembling is her millstone. The new words of psychiatry seem no more attractive. Donald's key words thud around her with the spoilsport gloom of the Lord's Day Observance Society. He goads his family into a rollicking emotionalism, then robs it of spontaneity by pronouncing it "healthy." Poor Harold scarcely gets off the ground with his attempts at the newfangled self-awareness. He has a whole pounding personality as yet unperceived and undeclared. At times, the turbulence of his feelings is conveyed by a unique incantatory use of his meagre verbal tools. Returning after the last rites to his smugly luxurious flat, he comes dangerously near to admitting to him-

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self that he hates the charitable Dorothy: "She is a good woman. She is a good woman. She is a good woman..." But upper-middle-class womanhood promptly puts an end to that: "What are you muttering about? ... You have got into an awful habit lately of mouthing things and not speaking." Dorothy, alone among the characters, is pure caricature, the embodiment of unthinking prejudice. Enviously, she has no gulf at all between thought and its expression. About Nicholas, she asks, "Is he still living with that awful girl in Fulham? ... Why can't he settle down and work at something useful?" Each word is laden with the scorn she feels; she thinks nothing that cannot be said and nothing too complicated to be covered nicely by a cliché. When Nicholas, who prefers to use obscenities, in expression of solidarity with the workers, slips into the class tongue, it is to mock a world he is not quite sure of having left. In accepting Harold's apology for having punched him, he parodies the conversational rules for dealing with the mutually disconcerting situation: "I am sorry about that eye." "Think nothing of it, old boy." The only flowering Harold knows is in feeling. He has made no verbal declarations, and is still enmeshed by acceptable behavior. In his ruin, suicide seems the only recourse. Yet even on the verge of the supremely embarrassing anti-social act he suffers the inexorable albatross of class convention to defile his bowler. Tragically late, he has the glimmerings of linguistic vitality. He has acquired Caroline's taste for semantic quibbling: "Love had never seemed so—what was the word? Indispensable? ... That made it sound like toilet soap. Imperative?" He has also gained Nicholas's perspective on the public-school clichés, and is taunted by the echo of self-mockery. "He would simply quit the field. He smiled at the phrase, thinking how Nicholas would loathe it." But the strongest voice is still his own, instinctively muffling personal crisis in the dusty phrases of the Law. "But the balance of my mind," he thought wryly, "is not disturbed." Folding his overcoat neatly, but leaving on his jacket for fear of catching cold, he hangs himself. So ends the fastidious and decent Harold.

The lurid plot is mercifully saved from absurdity by the virtual suppression of the author's own voice and its successful projection into the characters. It seems likely, even inevitable, that three close relatives should die in as many weeks (one of them, the sole

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possessor of the family secrets, of an ulcerated tongue) and that one of Caroline's mad adolescent daughters should fall chance victim to her own fumbling uncle in the underground. Events are described in the inadequate words of and seen through the jaundiced eye of the participants. Perhaps the grossest distortion is the assumption by her brothers that Caroline is simple, sane, and safe. Yet she who must have been the best of advertisements for the old middle-class ways will always suffer from a lack of conversational courage to back up her new awareness. Nicholas's escape is just as dubious; freed from the necessity of irresponsibility by the deaths of his authority symbols, he decides to settle down with Joyce, the latest of his nubile strays. It can hardly be a peaceful marriage, nor will he find contentment in Fulham's bleak respectability. It is Joyce, the natural child of the classless world of psychology, who seems to represent the new way—self-aware, neurotic, and rude—and sums up the plot: "In the future, perhaps, people who are ignorant of themselves...who don't know the kind of character they are stuck with, will be as rare and as exotic as cannibals."

Having puffed so hard at the upper-middle-class conventions, Mr. Ramsbotham has sudden reservations about knowing the forlorn mediocrity you are stuck with. A familiar frustrated anger permeates the novel; the iconoclast softens when he sees what will be lost. If only there were a way of hanging on to the dear, slippery baby of formalized sensibility while making the English face up to the fact that they are a cruel, violent, and passionate people. Perhaps in time English novelists will stop seeing the solution to every problem within the ramifications of the class system, and the upper middle class will learn to live with personality.

—KENNEDY FRASER

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

MANIFESTOES OF SURREALISM, by André Breton, translated from the French by Richard Seaver and Helen R. Lane (University of Michigan Press). A magnificent translation of Breton's collected pronouncements, 1924-53. The pieces attempt to say what Surrealism is and what it is not, and to form a Surrealist canon, from Monk Lewis down to the author. They

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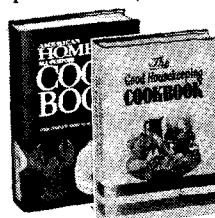
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anathematize lapsed Surrealists, and attack Communists for insufficient radicalism. Many of Breton's moods are contemporary—his exaltation of irrationality, along with his search for methods of sedating or obliterating logical thought; a passion to destroy (Breton clearly wants to be a very bad boy, but he seems not to realize how destructive his words are); and an appeal to or a reliance on the young, who are presumed to be alienated. The furniture of some of Breton's fantasies—châteaux, jewels, strange maidens—is a trifle dated. Nothing else in the book is.

THE EMPRESS BROWN: THE TRUE STORY OF A VICTORIAN SCANDAL, by Tom Cullen (Houghton Mifflin). As the author says, the English republican movement of the eighteen-seventies was mainly talk—British republicans had no serious plans to overthrow the monarchy—but, as he also says, Victoria had alienated many of her subjects, who found it possible to believe that she had secretly married or was having an affair with her Scottish servant John Brown. Mr. Cullen undertook new research to find out what fire lay behind the clouds of old smoke, and concludes that the sex scandal was nonsense. He unravels, in fascinating detail, a relationship of rare nuttiness in a household that probably could not help being a bit nutty. The private life of Queen Victoria was indeed Victorian—proper, earnest, sentimental, and crammed with emotional bric-a-brac. However, she was lonely at the summit of society; her family life was complicated because her relatives were also her subjects; her children, like everybody else's, squabbled with each other; and each child's servants squabbled with all the other servants. Everyone squabbled with Brown, partly because he was high-handed about deciding who could ride the ponies at Balmoral, and partly, it appears, because no one was quite brave enough to squabble with the Queen—except Brown himself, who, Mr. Cullen thinks, had the freedom of a court jester, not a lover. Retelling servants' gossip, no matter how entertaining, has never been considered wholly respectable; Mr. Cullen, however, has made it so. He has written a neat history, put paid to a nasty story, and found the truth not sordid but comic.

THE ITALICS ARE MINE, by Nina Berberova (Harcourt, Brace & World). The author of this absorb-

ing autobiography began writing poetry when she was a schoolgirl in St. Petersburg. She and her friends welcomed the new in art and rejoiced when, in their late adolescence, the Russian Revolution promised something new in politics. These hopes were disappointed; those of her friends who became revolutionaries were sooner or later killed by the Bolshevik professionals, and those who ventured into modern or experimental writing (and who did not emigrate) were likewise killed, killed themselves, or stopped writing. Mme. Berberova herself emigrated—first to Berlin, later to Paris—with her then husband, the poet Vladislav Khodasevich. Though her autobiography is, as she insists, a personal chronicle, it is also an account of the Russian émigré writers who, when Russian literature had all but disappeared in Russia, kept it alive abroad. Her recollections portray a gallery of literary celebrities in all their wayward variousness. She herself seems to have had huge quantities of spunk, which infuses what might have been a melancholy book—a tale of exile and poverty—with exceedingly high spirits. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

A HISTORY OF THE VIKINGS, by Gwyn Jones (Oxford). A superb history of the Scandinavian peoples, focussed mainly on the Viking Age. The Vikings raided Paris and Canterbury at will, made trading voyages as far as Byzantium, laid the foundations of modern Russia, had court poets with names like Eyvind the Plagiarist, and built oak ships that were impervious to Atlantic gales. Mr. Jones spares us none of this glamour, but he fits it into scrupulous history, and shows the economics and politics underlying the piracy and raids. He is equally good on Viking religion and art, he translates the poetry brilliantly, and his own prose rings of epic and saga. Beautiful photographs, drawings, and maps, and a sixty-page index. Highly recommended.

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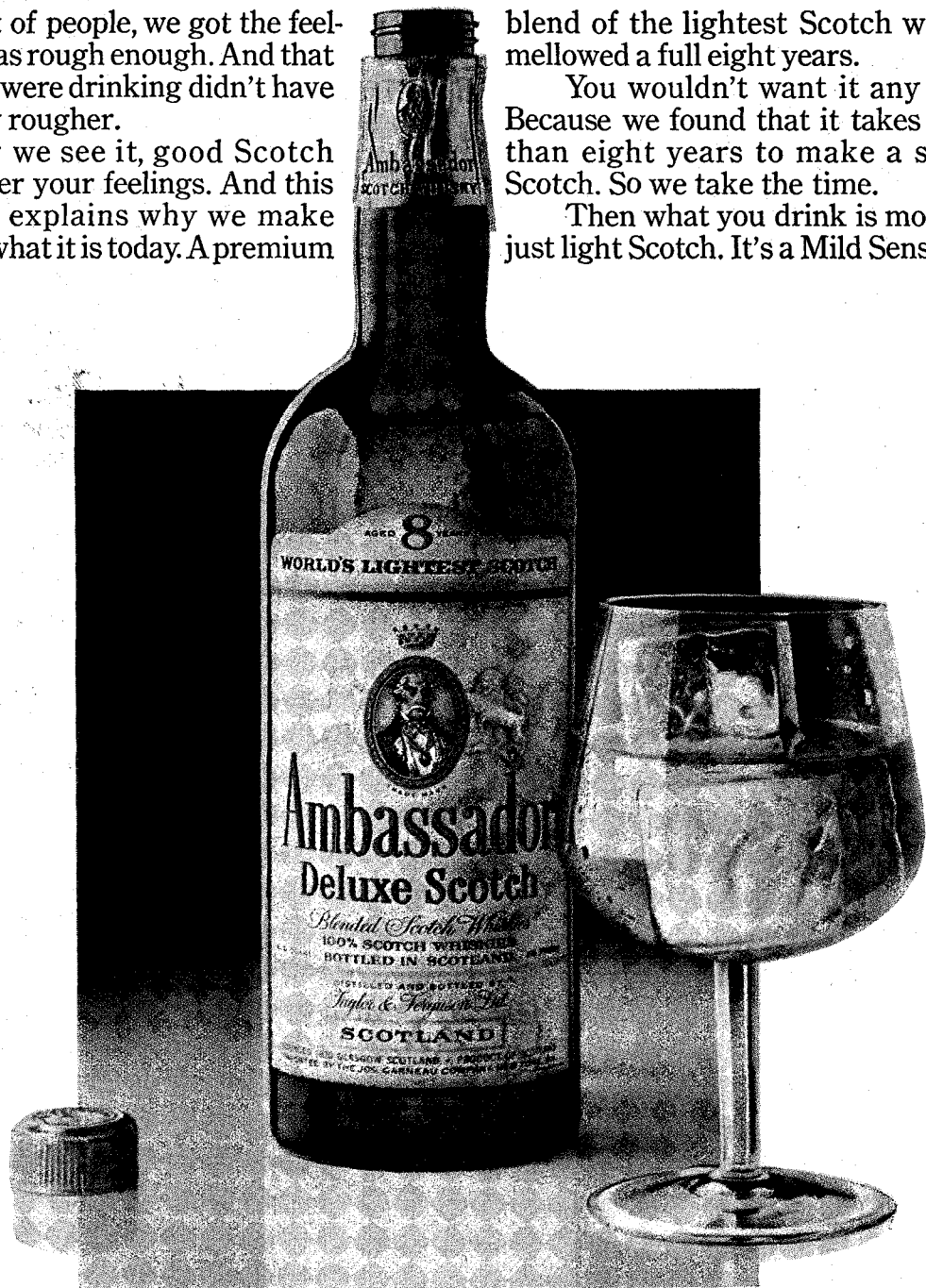
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